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THE CUTTER "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

We engrave below the cutter *Christopher Columbus*, in which Mr. Charles R. Webb has recently crossed the ocean. As she is only 45 tons burden, she and her owner are attracting a good deal of attention.

Every one remembers the arrival at Liverpool, in July, 1857, of a small craft named the *Charter Oak*, only 23 tons burden, from New York, her owner and builder having performed the perilous passage across the Atlantic in this frail bark with a single companion. The adventurous navigator, whose name is Charles R. Webb, has now accomplished a second enterprise of the kind, having arrived at Southampton on 2d October, in a small cutter named the *Christopher Columbus*—this time accompanied by two boys, both eighteen years of age, neither of them previously acquainted with nautical pursuits. The cutter sailed from New York on the 19th of August, and occupied forty-five days in the voyage. She is only 45 tons burden, 53 feet in length over all, 5 feet keel, 16 feet in width, and the mast is 50 feet 6 inches long. She has no raised bulwarks, the deck being merely protected by a stout rope sustained by iron stanchions. Her greatest draught of water is 6 feet. A more frail-looking bark in which to cross the stormy Atlantic it is scarcely possible to conceive.

The *Christopher Columbus* was built at Stamford, Connecticut, in seven months, every part of the work being executed by Webb himself, except the stepping of the mast and the rigging, even to the cutting down and shaping of the timber with which she is constructed. Webb is a native of Stamford, twenty-nine years of age, and a shipwright by trade, his nautical knowledge, as he tells us, having been gained while working as a carpenter on board a Liverpool packet-ship. This is the seventeenth voyage he has made across the Atlantic—nine out and eight home. The two boys by whom he was accompanied in his daring adventure are named George Colles and Sam Scofield. The voyage has been conducted throughout on strict temperance principles, and the stores of provisions were of a very modest and un-epicurean character, comprising only biscuit, mackeral, and hams, with a little salt beef. The vessel is built of oak, and sloop-rigged. A plain cabin, with sleeping recesses on either side, in the centre of the vessel, the stores occupying either end, constitutes the whole internal economy of this remarkable craft.

Not the least curious part of the whole affair is the log, kept in a very rough manner on a few sheets of foolscap paper stitched together, the entries all made in pencil, ink being evidently an unknown commodity on board. We subjoin a copy of the log for the benefit of nautical readers who may feel interested in the daily progress of so very remarkable a passage.

"Aug. 19th.—Passed the Hook Light, 8 A.M. Wind, N. 12 noon, lat. 40 31; distance sailed, 26 miles.

"20th.—Noon, lat. 40 11; 112 miles. Wind, N.W. 8 P.M., spoke ship *Aurora*, bound to Liverpool.

"21st.—10 A.M., passed full-rigged ship bound west. Noon, lat. 40 26; 83 miles. Wind, S.W.

"22d.—Light air of wind to the southward; cloudy; no observation; 43 miles. Passed three vessels.

"23d.—Fresh breeze, N.W. Lat. 40 51; 122 miles.

"24th.—Fresh breeze, N.W. Lat. 41 6; 158 miles.

"25th.—Light breeze, W. Lat. 41 33; 120 miles. 10 P.M., light breeze, N.

"26th.—Light breeze, N.E. Lat. 41 39; 94 miles. 4 P.M., passed a large ship bound west. 8 P.M., N.E.; hove to.

"27th.—Wind, N.E. 6 A.M., passed a large ship bound west. Lat. 41 25.; hove to.

"28th.—Wind, N.E. Lat. 41 32. Hove to.

"29th.—Wind, E. Hove to. No observation.

"30th.—4 A.M., got under way. 6 A.M., light W. winds. Noon, lat. 41 4. 4 P.M., wind, S.W.

"31st.—Wind, S.W. 10 A.M., passed a ship bound west. Noon, lat. 42 32; 143 miles.

"Sept. 1st.—Light winds, foggy; no observation. 6 P.M., wind, N.W.

"2d.—Dead calm. Lat. 43 54. On the Banks; 4 P.M., two vessels in sight to the southward.

"3d.—2 A.M., wind, N.E., foggy, rainy. 6 A.M., dead calm. Noon, lat. 43 52. 4 P.M., light air, N.W. 8 P.M., calm.

"4th.—Light air from the south. Lat. 43 52. Made sail 2 P.M., ship in sight bound west.

"5th.—Wind, S.S.W. Lat. 44 45; 132 miles. Afternoon, wind, W., foggy.

"6th.—Wind, W.; foggy, rainy, and squally. No observation; 131 miles.

"7th.—Rainy; fresh westerly gales. No observation; 128 miles.

"8th.—Fresh gales, west. 10 A.M., ship passed us steering east. Lat. 46 46; 158 miles.

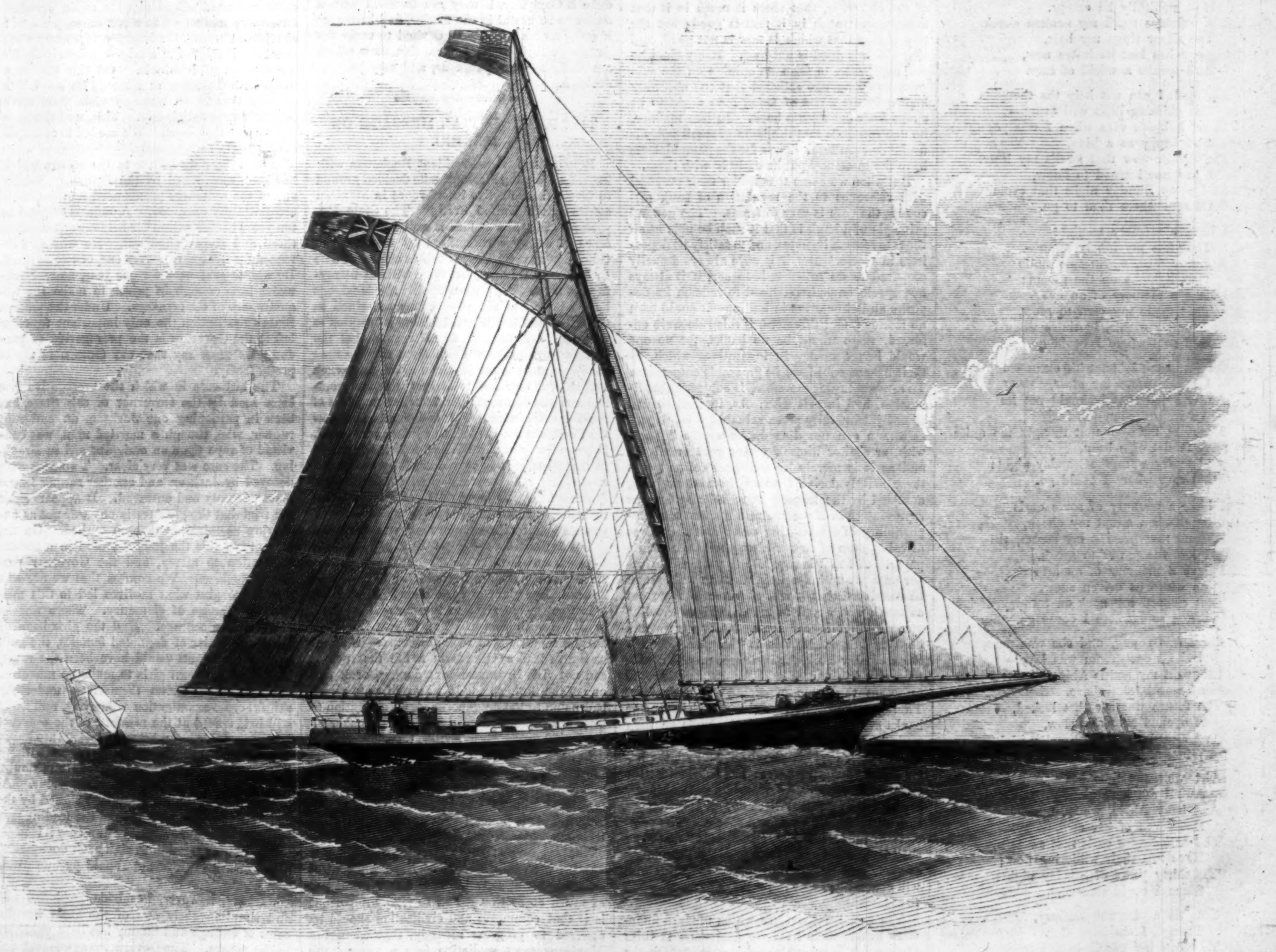
"9th.—Heavy westerly gales. No observation; 123 miles; hove to. 12 P.M., gale broke, leaving a tremendous cross sea running.

"10th.—Light breeze, west; made sail; commenced raining. No observation; 60 miles. 6 P.M., wind shifted to N.E.; still raining. 8 P.M., hove to again. 10 P.M., blowing hard. 12, made sail.

"11th.—4 A.M., hove to again. 6 A.M., blowing hard from N.N.W. 10 A.M., saw two ships under close-reefed topsails. Noon, lat. 47 25. 6 P.M., hove to, still blowing hard. 8 P.M., made sail.

"12th.—Wind, N.W. Lat. 47 40; 139 miles.

"13th.—Wind, N.E. 8 A.M., sail in sight, close-reefed. No observation; 88 miles. 6 P.M.,



THE CUTTER "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

wind, N.N.E. 8, hove to. 10, wind, E., blowing hard.

"14th.—Lat. 47 14; blowing hard, E.

"15th.—Light breeze, E. Lat. 46 55.

"16th.—Strong breeze, N. 6 A.M., made sail. Noon, lat. 46 47; 28 miles.

"17th.—Wind, N.W., squally. Lat. 47 16; 144 miles.

"18th.—6 A.M., saw a large ship steering west. Noon, lat. 47 58; 121 miles; very squally.

"19th.—Beautiful day; very little wind. Lat. 47 38; 40 miles. 4 P.M., light breeze, E.; 8, blowing a gale; hove to; 12, a ship passed us steering west.

"20th.—8 A.M., blowing a gale from the eastward; noon, lat. 47 10; hove to. 4 P.M., a brig passed us steering east, under close-reefed topsails. 8, blowing hard and raining.

"21st.—2 A.M., made sail, light breeze, W.; 8, wind dying out. Noon, lat. 47 1, dead calm; 4 P.M., wind, N.W. and squally; 8, rainy.

"22d.—Wind, N., blowing hard, rainy. 10 A.M. spoke the brig *Fordmill*, of Swansea, lat. 48, long. 18 12. 4 P.M., passed a piece of floating wreck. 10, wind, N.W.

"23d.—Wind, N.W. 6 A.M. spoke the ship *Courant*, of Bath, bound to Pembroke, lat. 48 15, long. 15 10; 167 miles. 2 P.M., spoke Hermaphrodite brig *Pallas*, P. E. Island.

"24th.—Dead calm. Lat. 48 39; 80 miles. 6 P.M. spoke the ship *Robert Cushman*, bound to Charleston, lat. 49 20, long. 12 15.

"25th.—Wind, S.W. Lat. 49 40, long. 10 W.; 85 miles.

"26th.—Wind to southward. Lat. 49 50; 42 miles.

"27th.—Light airs. Lat. 49 56; 37 miles. Calm.

"28th.—Light breeze from N.E., with rain; foggy. No observation. 18 miles. Hazy at night.

"29th.—Thick and hazy. Lat. 48 30. Sunshine at noon. Wind, N.E.

"30th.—8 A.M. Scilly bore N.N.E. 10 A.M., split scudding sail. 2 P.M., wind, N.W.

"Oct. 1st.—8 A.M. made Start Point, bearing E. by N."

SOMEWHERE TO GO.

'TWAS on a moonlight Sunday eve,
In warm October time,
I sat alone, and listened to
The calling church-bells' chime;
And every one that reached my ear
Were stranger bells to me,
For I was in the stranger's land,
Far o'er the distant sea.

I took my glass from off the wall,
I gazed into its deeps,
And pondered as I thought of Time,
How stealthily he creeps.
The wrinkles mark my sunken cheek.
The silver tinge my hair,
My eye has lost its lustre now,
And speaks a world of care.

Ah, me! I can not help the thoughts
The chiming bells will bring—
Those Sabbath eves when I was young
And happy as a king.
The sorrow now that swells my heart
I had not learned to know,
And every Sunday night that came
I'd somewhere then to go.

I have a memory to-night
That fills my lonely room—
A sunny face, a winsome smile
That lightens up the gloom;
I have a memory of an eye
That made my own to glow,
On Sunday nights, in times when I
Had somewhere I could go.

On Sunday nights, with extra care,
I stood before my glass,
And studied that I should not let
An imperfection pass.
I dressed for eyes that thought me quite
A model of a beau,
And merry were the Sunday nights
I'd somewhere I could go.

I have a memory of some curls
That often swept my cheek,
A head that pressed my bosom, till
I lost the power to speak.
I have a memory of an arm
As white as driven snow,
That clasped my neck on Sunday nights
When somewhere I could go.

For I was young, and she was pure,
And all our dream was love—
I thought my gentle Abigail
An angel from above.
The future was a casket locked,
It opened sure and slow,
And closed upon the Sunday nights
When somewhere I could go.

Ah! well, the time has passed away,
And I am here alone;
And baby Abbie, whom I loved,
Has seven of her own.
The dark-brown curls that swept my cheek
Have lost their wildering flow;
'Tis thirty years of Sunday nights
Since I could somewhere go.

Yet, 'tis a pleasant memory,
Though I am here alone,
To know my gentle baby-love
Has seven of her own.
For I am sure amid those loves
My own must slightly glow,
As she recalls the Sunday nights
When I—could somewhere go.

Then let the years roll swiftly by,
And leave me here alone,
To listen to the chiming bells
Of unfamiliar tone.
I'll live upon the memories
That in my bosom grow,
Though Sunday nights may come, and I
Have nowhere now to go.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

BANK REFORM.

SINCE our last paper went to press, a pamphlet has been published on the reform of the currency. It is signed by George Opdyke, Wilson G. Hunt, James Gallatin, and John Eadie. It reviews certain existing or alleged defects in the currency system, and argues that, to remedy them, it is necessary to repeal the usury laws; to suppress all bank-notes under $10; to establish a system of banking by the General Government; to prohibit all loans by banks over and above the aggregate amount of the capital specie, and half the capital of said banks; and to compel all banks to keep an amount of specie on hand equal to twenty per cent. of their discounts.

It is well known that the conferences which have led to the birth of this pamphlet were suggested by the illegal and anomalous position into which our banks were forced by the crisis of last fall. In the summer of 1857 the banks of this city, in defiance of the warnings of their wisest advisers, persisted in expanding their loans until the disproportion between discounts and specie was so monstrous that a panic was inevitable. It came. The banks, too late, attempted to curtail their loans. In the endeavor they broke; and the clear, plain, unequivocal, unmistaken law of the State was deliberately violated by the Judges of the Supreme Court, in order to save the community from the grave inconvenience of a general bank sequestration. Smarting under a consciousness of an unpunished violation of law, several bank officers have been fidgeting ever since; the result of their throes is the pamphlet in question.

Of this pamphlet it may be said, in the words of the old critic, that there is much in it that is new, and much in it that is good; but the pity is that that which is new is not good, and that which is good is not new. Every one who was competent to form an opinion on the subject, was long ago satisfied that the absurdity known by the name of usury laws ought to be swept from the statute book. In like manner, no one contends that the issue of small notes is useful or even safe. Thus far the pamphleteers have the monetary public entirely with them.

But when we come to consider their proposal with reference to the regulation of bank discounts, the case is very different. The general principle of a bank is that it shall be able at all times to redeem its notes, and to satisfy its depositors in specie. But if it were always actually prepared to do so—that is to say, if it always had specie enough on hand to redeem its deposits and circulation in bullion—it could earn no money; and therefore, if this rule were enforced, there would be no banks, for no one would invest money in institutions which, by their nature, could not be profitable enterprises. The general rule, therefore, is subject to modification, and in this wise: As, in fact, bullion is not intrinsically more valuable than paper; as a man can not dine on, or clothe himself with, or shelter himself under gold or silver; and as it is merely by universal consent that these metals derive a value, from their being accepted by the leading mercantile nations as representatives of specific values, there is no impossibility in establishing other representatives of value, even of so worthless a nature as white paper. All that is requisite to place white paper on a par with specie is; that the public shall be convinced, that it will continue to represent as much wheat and as much land as the like amount of specie represents. Wherever a sound banking law exists, this is the case. In the State of New York, for instance, no one doubts that city bank-notes will forever continue to represent the value expressed on their face. Therefore the public take them, and hence the banks are enabled to make dividends on their capital. They possess two resources—their specie and their capital—the former a real, the latter an imaginary resource; but both, under the circumstances, equally valuable. Bank-notes are as valid representatives of real values, such as land or wheat, as coined specie. The principle of modern banks, therefore, is that they shall be at all times able to pay in coin so much of their circulation and deposits as their credit will generally render them liable to be called on to redeem.

The question, therefore, which modern financiers puzzle their heads to determine is this: How much is a bank's credit worth? On the face of it no specific answer to the question can be made. Credit is one of those speculative creatures of the fancy which can not be gauged or measured by the yard, the ton, or the dollar. Yet financiers throughout the world have dared to estimate its price in figures. In England for many years it was considered safe for a bank to hold in specie one pound for every three of its liabilities. The idea was, that, under all circumstances, two-thirds of the creditors of a bank would forbear to press it for coin. Our New York financiers, Messrs. Opdyke & Company, are more liberal. Judging from the temper of the New York community, as evidenced on 13th October, 1857, they are prepared to assert that four-fifths of the creditors of New York banks may be safely relied upon as men who will not trouble the bank for specie; they think that if coin be kept on hand in quantity sufficient to pay the remaining fifth, the banks will be safe. But if by any imprudence the bank should enlarge its discounts, or part with its specie so that it should only have on hand coin enough to pay one-sixth instead of one-fifth of its creditors, then it would be in a fatal position.

It suffices to state these positions to show their absurdity. In a time of panic, as every body knows, a bank may be unsafe though it hold an amount of specie equal to even half or three-fourths its liabilities. It is utterly ridiculous to measure public confidence by figures, and to say that four-fifths, or three-fourths, or two-thirds of the creditors of a bank will be content with notes instead of specie. If the panic be decided, no bank will be safe which does not contain a dollar of bullion for every dollar it owes; and if it does so, there will be no panic, and the bank will be a losing concern.

The only guarantee that can be devised for bank solvency is a general diffusion of sound principles of finance, and a resolute selection by shareholders in banks of the best men to control their administration. If banks lend too much to merchants and thereby encourage private capitalists to lend, at usurious rates, to railways and other speculative enterprises, they must expect disaster to follow. If they persist in trying to make dividends on their capital at a time when the business of the country does not remunerate any one, they must expect to lose. The best guarantee for the people and the best check on the banks is the law which we have, provided the judges will have the honesty to execute it. As to the plan of limiting the discounts to a fixed amount, it is as silly as if one were to propose that no man should spend more than so much a year. Messrs. Opdyke & Company, if they are troubled with a desire to be useful in the matter, had better try if some means can not be devised to make the judges do their duty; beyond this, their efforts are likely to be superfluous, and may provoke derision.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE ON MEXICO.

RUMOR has it that President Buchanan will, in his forthcoming Message, take decided ground in favor of some active interference in Mexican affairs by the United States. The State Department has now before it well-authenticated cases of outrages committed by the Mexican Government upon United States citizens. The President can not neglect these without betraying his trust. With what fidelity the Mexicans have adhered to the stipulations contained in the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo it remains to be seen; certain it is, at all events, that the various governments which from time to time have held sway in the Mexican States have each and all of them failed to comply with the promises made by Mexico to the American grantees of the Tehuantepec route. It is difficult to see how the President could shirk this grievance. And, independently of the specific injuries involved in these cases, it is very doubtful whether the controlling influence exercised by the United States on this continent does not involve a responsibility which implies a quasi-guarantee of peace and order throughout the entire continent.

Let us illustrate the case: Brown, Jones, and Smith are settlers in a country far removed from civilization. All are freeholders and citizens—hence independent of each other. Brown has—in theory—no right to interfere with Jones, or Jones with Smith. Yet, in practice—such are the conditions of social existence—if Jones or Smith lead so disorderly a life that people can not visit Brown without danger, or if any one of the three so conduct himself as to give a bad name to the neighborhood, an obligation to interfere is imposed on the injured member of the community. In civilized society Brown may have Smith or Jones indicted for disorderly or riotous conduct; in a state of nature he may compel his neighbors, by the exercise of force, to conduct themselves soberly and peaceably. This is precisely the case of the United States and Mexico. Strictly speaking, the United States have no right to interfere with Mexico. Mexico is as independent of Northern control as Paraguay or Brazil. It is a free country—as much so as this. Yet, so vitally important is it that commerce and civilization should be suffered to progress securely, that when the Mexicans erect spoliation into a system, rob merchants, stop mails, suspend postal communication, arrest the administration of justice, and set an example of lawlessness, rapine, and general disorder and crime, it becomes incumbent on any neighboring nation which has the power to interfere—just as Brown is bound to interfere in the domestic concerns of Smith or Jones when the latter disturb his peace, impede his intercourse with the outside world, and damage the fair fame of his locality.

Mexico has evidently reached the turning-point in her history. Nearly forty years have elapsed since she threw off the colonial yoke. Since then she has tried, in turns, every possible form of government, from a military and imperial despotism to a democratic republic. All have proved equally unsuccessful. She has gone from bad to worse, until, at the present time, neither trade nor property are safe within her borders and even life is imperiled unless some powerful potentate, such as the British Consul, condescends to protect it.

It seems that it is the bounden duty of this republic to take some steps to save this hemisphere from the danger and disgrace brought upon it by the conduct of the Mexicans. The leading European powers have not hesitated to interfere in the affairs of Greece and Rome—not with a view of conquest or profit, but solely in order to avoid the scandal and danger of permanent anarchy in an established nation of Europe. We should do the same in Mexico. We do not desire territorial aggrandizement. We would rather not accept Mexico as a gift. But it is due to United States interests, it is due to the civilization of the age, that we—who will not suffer England or Spain to subjugate Mexico—should go to the expense of lending what aid may be necessary to re-establish order in that country, be the cost what it may.

THE PARDONING BUSINESS.

IN an article published in this journal more than a year since, we had occasion to relate the history of the policy of the British with regard to the execution of sentences of transportation on criminal offenders. We mentioned that for many years sentences of transportation were merely nominal. A man who was sentenced to Botany Bay for fourteen years served four, and then got his liberty; he who was exiled for life was liberated after eight or ten years' servitude; while the convict whose term was two years, got off with six months. Some two or three years ago the attention of the authorities was directed to the practical working of this system; it was shown that in a majority of cases pardoned offenders were again arrested for crime; and while, in a few cases, pardoned convicts reformed, the interests of society were generally sacrificed to a mistaken solicitude for the comfort of criminals. On this discovery the British Government retraced its steps. It directed that in all cases convicts must serve out their term religiously. This, we believe, is the system at present. We are led to conclude that it works satisfactorily.

In this State we adhere to the system which has been abandoned by the British. Hardly any of the sentences pronounced by the Courts are faithfully executed. A man sentenced to ten years State's prison for heinous crime serves three and is pardoned out. He who is sentenced for five years, serves one, or two at most. He who is sentenced for one year, scarcely remains long enough in prison to make the acquaintance of the turnkeys. Under the present State Constitution the only important function left to the Governor is the prerogative of pardon; we must say that our Governors use it pretty freely.

The last case in which the prerogative has been used by the Governor of this State has been in pardoning one Jackson, an emigrant runner, who, though a married man, was convicted of rape upon an emigrant girl in Brooklyn. The case was very clear. Two girls were decoyed by Jackson and another runner into a place of safety and outraged. It appears since the trial that the girls' testimony was not as unvarying as might have been wished. On the strength of this the judges united in a recommendation to mercy, and the Governor pardoned Jackson. We confess that we are at a loss to imagine what motives led to this misjudged exercise of clemency. There was no doubt of the outrage. Had the girls been of the lowest order of degraded females, the guilt of their assailants would have been the same. To expect ignorant girls to make no mistakes, and not to contradict themselves, under the skillful cross-examination of lawyers, and while still half crazed at the memory of the outrage, is unreasonable. And that emigrants are habitually the prey of the scoundrelly class of villains known as emigrant runners no one can doubt. The necessity of an example was obvious. As to the recommendation to mercy signed by the judges, and the clergymen, and the leading men of Brooklyn, every one knows how easy it is to get people of every station to sign such documents; a conscientious Governor should pay no attention whatever to them.

Jackson, however, has been pardoned out, and simultaneously one of the most horrible cases of outrage and infamy has been published in the papers. The Governor may congratulate himself on the result of his clemency. Let it be proved that the poor girl who was outraged by four or five fiends the other night near Avenue A had been guilty of levity or indiscretion, or let her stammer or contradict herself in her account of the scene, and, according to the Governor's theory, her assailants need no punishment.

THE LOUNGER.

CAISSA.

A CORRESPONDENT lately asked about this Goddess or Nymph. He suggested that Lempriere said nothing upon the subject, and that even Smith and Anthon were at fault. It was a very apt question at a time of such universal interest in the game of chess as the present—a time when thousands of chess-boards all over the country are doubtless spread with the game now pending between New York and Philadelphia—and a question which the Lounger's friend, D. W. F., "the best authority," clearly answers as follows:

"*Caissa* is the heroine of Sir William Jones's poem on the Game of Chess, one of the finest productions of his pleasing pen. He nowhere explains the etymology of the word; and I have no doubt that the name was invented by himself. He thus introduces her:

> "'A lovely Dryad ranged the Thracian wild,
> Her air enchanting and her aspect mild:
> To chase the bounding hart was all her joy,
> Averse from Hymen and the Cyprian boy;
> O'er hills and valleys was her beauty famed,
> And fair CAISSA was the damsel named.'

"It was to please her that Mars found out the game of chess:

> "'He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,
> And called it CASSA from the Dryad's name:
> (Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise confess,
> Approv'd the play, and named it thoughtful CHESS.)'

"The whole poem was written in 1763, when the author was only sixteen years of age. Its idea was taken from Vida's 'Scacchia Ludus,' the heroine of which is *Scacchis*, which is legitimately derived from *Scacchi*, the modern Latin word for chess. Since the publication of Sir William Jones's poem '*Caissa* has been regarded as the Muse or Goddess of Chess; and the adjective *Caissan* (of, or relating to, chess) has been frequently used by writers on the game. D. W. F.

"ASTOR LIBRARY, *Nov.*, 1858."

LANDOR IN EXILE.

THE muse has followed poor Landor to the Tuscan shore; but she looks backward with yearning and regret, and the old man turns from storied Val d'Arno to some humble hamlet far away; and turning, sings:

WIDCOMBE.

Widcombe! few seek with thee their resting-place;
But I, when I have run my weary race,
Will throw my bones upon thy church-yard turf:
Although malignant waves on foren shore
Have stranded me, and I shall lift no more
My hoary head above the hissing surf,

Perhaps my dreams may not be over yet,
And what I could not in long life forget
May float around that image once too dear;
Perhaps some gentle maiden passing by
May heave from true-love heart a generous sigh,
And say "*Be happier thou who sleepest here!*"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A UNIVERSITY.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE is growing old. But, happily, far from showing any signs of senility, it is renewing its youth and winning fresh laurels. Apparently struck with the fact that a rich institution of learning should be of some practical use to men and women in the world, it has opened its doors for a most liberal course of lectures by most capable men; and is at this moment more of a University, in the true sense of that word, than any college in the country.

It is an interesting fact, too, and one to be especially remarked during the present sympathy with a project of a Library for Women, that the venerable College, which has been hitherto treated loftily by the Harvard and Yale, the Dartmouth and Union men, as a mere city High School, and has been long since classed among the fossil boons to mankind, has not only opened its doors to these admirable lectures, but has opened them wide enough to admit the most expansive crinoline. Yes, it is a beautiful instance of gallantry of the old school!—of the kind that Charles Lamb commends. It is an inspiring spectacle, that of our venerable Columbia lifting its hat and making low bows of welcome to the sex!

And why not?

Doubtless the good old College reasoned thus: "If it be proper—if the clergy and faculty and the entire civic respectability approve the going of women to hear miscellaneous evening lectures upon morals, science, literature, and history—is there any impropriety in their going to hear day-lectures upon the same subjects? What is every Lyceum lecturer but a professor teaching a class sometimes a thousand strong (or trying to teach, and perhaps hitting it about as often as college professors do)? Being sure of propriety, then, a college may go ahead!" And thereupon the courtly Columbia raises its hand to its hat, and, benignly smiling, whispers, "This way, ladies; this way!"

Miss Blackwell—a sketch of whose career, from "Chambers's Edinburgh Miscellany," was lately published in the *Weekly*—and Miss Hunt both bear witness to the difficulties they encountered in getting to lectures at Harvard—which, after all, they did not succeed in hearing. And Professor Agassiz often lectures in Cambridge, at the college, to a dozen or twenty young men more or less interested in the subjects; while many young women who would gladly hear are not admitted. Yet the very same evening the genial Professor might lecture in a hall, in the very same town, upon the very same subjects, and the hall be crowded with intelligent men and women.

There is such a profound difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

This movement of Columbia College, this reform—if a Lounger might respectfully use such a word in speaking of that honored institution—has not yet been visited by the public indignation. In truth, the newspapers unblushingly report that often more than half the audience is composed of women. And with these annual courses of lectures and the Library for Women (in addition to the Astor and other public libraries, the use of which is not restricted to sex), we may all feel that good steps are taking—that the world moves—and that, whatever the other rights of women may be, their right to the best education which the times afford is about as clear as that of men.

OPERATIC:

BUT not musical, this time; for we mean the Piccolomini quarrel.

It is curious how immensely important the rows of small opera people are! Every season we have papers full of cards, rejoinders, and manifestoes, upon subjects of the least possible interest to any human being or thing except an opera manager and his money-chest.

Yet as journalists—although the gust has blown over—we may be allowed a word; at least, a Lounger may be suffered to have his say. If you stop the mouth of a Lounger from talking of an opera quarrel, when, he asks, will you suffer him to open it?

Mr. Ullman regards Prima Donnas in the light of merchandise, and naturally chafes at their depreciation. Love me, love my dog. If you don't like my Prima Donna, you insult me. If you insult me, I cut off your admission, and insult you back again.

The Lounger knows something about this business. It is not five hundred years since he wrote a notice of the opera of the previous evening for a morning paper. He didn't like the *Lucia* of Madame Nobodini, nor the *Edgardo* of Signor Dittoni, and he said so frankly.

Oh Heavens!—as the historian of the Great Frederick says—down came messengers, manager, and agents. "What has happened? How has the management offended? What hidden malice has dictated an article so injurious to the opera, so mortifying to Madame Nobodini? That *Prima Donna Assoluta* keeps her bed this morning from pure chagrin. Can nothing be done? Would a slight *souper* after the opera enable the excellent critic to appreciate the performance more justly? Don't—don't, we beseech you! Say nothing, if you will, but don't frighten the public."

What could any foolish-hearted Lounger say to such a piteous appeal? He could hold his tongue, indeed, but he was troubled by a sense of duty. He had undertaken to tell the public about the opera. To praise it, was to ——. To be silent, was to shirk his responsibility. To condemn it, was to occasion gnashings of teeth and keepings of bed with chagrin. It was a pitiful dilemma.

But still, it is not fair to say that Nobodini is Altracosa—unless you have some better reason than the idle word of an idle gossip in an opera-foyer.

Let us hope these troubles are over. They only serve to show that the opera is a luxury that shivers in a current of disapprobation, and threatens to fall. It must be corseted and propped by extraordinary means, and even then its permanence is precarious, and its profit—except to a very few and rarely—is not at all extraordinary.

DECIDEDLY A QUESTION.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the laying of the Atlantic wire, so that the depths of the sea are about to serve us, Lord Carlingford, in England, announces to the public that he has "clearly established the principle of aërial navigation;" that the aërhedon, or aërial chariot, in the construction of which his lordship has spent several years, "having flown and proved the perfection of its principle, and of the manner in which it has been carried out, it is now a question of forming a company for the purpose of bringing it out, and then for the whole world to witness at last the long-sought-for discovery, advancing civilization and administering to the happiness and prosperity of nations."

What can be more promising? While our messages flash under the sea, we shall fly over it. The poor ocean is getting to be only a huge, weltering mass of brine, useful, chemically, in correcting the atmosphere, but freed from all kinds of terror—unless, haply, an unlucky passenger should chance to tumble out of the aërhedon.

PORTRAIT OF BOLIVAR.

ONE of the picturesque heroes of modern times, whose name is much more familiar than his career, is Simon Bolivar. Landor, who always honored republicanism, dedicated one of his books to the "Liberator." But although it might be difficult to show now that Bolivar was a very great leader, yet his name is identified with South American independence—such as it is.

The recent honors paid to General Paez, who figures sometimes in South American history as the foe as well as the friend of Bolivar, have recalled the name of the "Liberator." And a committee of Venezuelans who have come to New York to recall General Paez to his loyal countrymen, having seen a poor portrait of Bolivar in the City Hall, have just presented the city with a likeness of "our most illustrious fellow-citizen, Simon Bolivar, the eminent son of Caracas, the liberator of Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia."

Our friends in the country, when they come to town, will take pleasure in going to the City Hall and looking upon the portrait; but those who can not come may be glad to see a picture of Bolivar, drawn by the pen of his biographer.

"Simon Bolivar is five feet four inches in height; his visage is long; his cheeks hollow; his complexion livid brown; his eyes are of a middle size and sunk deep in his head, which is covered thinly with hair; his mustaches give him a dark and wild aspect, particularly when he is in a passion. His whole body is thin and meagre. He has the appearance of a man sixty-five years old. In walking his arms are in continual motion. He can not walk long, but becomes soon fatigued. He likes his hammock, where he sits or lolls. He gives way to sudden gusts of resentment, and becomes in a moment a madman, throws himself into his hammock and utters curses and imprecations upon all around him. He likes to indulge in sarcasms upon absent persons; reads only light French literature; is a bold rider, and passionately fond of waltzing. He is fond of hearing himself talk, and of giving toasts. In adversity, and destitute of aid from without, he is perfectly free from passion and violence of temper. He then becomes patient, mild, docile, and even submissive. In a great measure he conceals his faults under the politeness of a man educated in the so-called *beau monde;* possesses an almost Asiatic talent for dissimulation; and understands mankind better than most of his countrymen."

It is curious, at a moment when the South American struggles, and Bolivar himself, have entirely passed into history, to find in the reports of daily events in the city of New York the public farewell of General Paez, the Venezuelan hero. We seem to have turned back a few pages; and the fame of Bolivar is freshened when Paez says of him: "He was my chief, my companion, and my friend."

And now Paez himself returns, to pass into honorable history. A brave old soldier, who has fought and suffered for his country's independence—let us hope that country will atone for its long forgetfulness, and crown his latest days with prosperity and peace.

THOSE SEPOYS.

ONE of the excellent daily papers has received the most startling news from Sepoy Island. The fact seems to be that there is something so essentially bad in the inhabitants of that wretched region that you may as well believe the worst thing you can think of about them—and that will not be bad enough.

However, their wind-bag is pricked this time. It seems they have been giving money, and holding meetings, and have contracted for the destruction of the new Quarantine buildings of temporary stone, temporary brick, and temporary slate. An officer of the United States army is to receive five thousand dollars if he succeeds in conquering the garrison. This he is to do by conducting a Sepoy army to the grounds; sending forward two hundred men, in parties of twenty each (making, by accurate arithmetic, ten parties), every man to be paid two hundred dollars. For that sum he is to plant short scaling-ladders against the walls—in company with his fellows he is to climb over and attack the Army of Occupation, supposed by that time to be reduced to a very poor figure—while five hundred of the stanchest Sepoys surround the walls, destroy them, ditto the buildings—and engage, finally, all hands, hammer and tongs, with the brave soldiers who have been so valiantly mounting guard over the small-pox and yellow fever. The whole to occur upon the arrival of a smaller force and a larger subscription than are at present reported.

There is not the slightest crow of the cock or roar of the bull in this story. It is evidently authentic and accurate. It "has come to the knowledge of the Commissioners of Emigration." That settles it. It is simply a case of reading history before it happens. Sepoy conspirators always have their secrets well ventilated. They are sure to communicate their plans to the estimable gentleman who furnishes Sepoy Island news for the daily papers. They can't resist his profound sagacity. He worms it all out, even to the numbers and prices and times. Twenty thousand dollars is the exact sum subscribed, and each of the advancing party is to receive two hundred dollars.

But why does not this worthy informer state the whole? Is it possible that he has not heard the rest? Does he not know that the programme of attack is to be published in the daily papers of New York, and announced from all the Sepoy pulpits on the previous Sunday? That his Excellency the Governor, and the Honorable Board of Commissioners of Emigration, and Captain M. or N. are to be invited as distinguished guests? That the ferry-boats are to run every five minutes on that day, and every arrangement made to accommodate the public?

That is the way such things are always managed. The Lounger therefore advises his friends to keep a sharp look-out for the two hundred men at two hundred dollars apiece, with short scaling-ladders at eight dollars a score, and the five hundred Sepoys aiding and abetting upon the outside, at about thirty dollars a head. And when seen, make a note of.

But seriously, what is to be done with these misguided Sepoys, who threaten to prove so serious and lasting an annoyance? When men professing intelligence and good citizenship refuse to be annually exposed to deadly pestilence and mortality, even after the laws have been tried and failed, what are you going to do about it? When a community of sober and substantial people has patiently awaited the operation of law for the removal of a deadly pest, and—knowing perfectly well that the operation of the law is thwarted, and will continue to be thwarted, by a despotic money interest—quietly removes the pest, what *are* you going to do about it? What *can* you do about it, except maintain the pest—if that be your pleasure—by a foreign force superior to that of the community?

What was that process called when England tried it upon the Colonies?

Is that the way a republican state should maintain an institution confessedly destructive every year of scores of innocent lives, and maintain it among a people who have borne and protested until no honest democratic citizen can ask them to bear and protest any longer?

THE LYCEUM.

AN English gentleman has lately written to the London *Times*, complaining of the lordly air assumed by the noblemen who, in the recess of Parliament, go down into the counties and lecture to the people at the Mechanics' Institutes.

If they do assume this air, it is without any especial reason in the lectures themselves. The performances of the Earl of Carlisle and Lord John Russell in the Lyceum are not overwhelming for interest, information, or eloquence. They are as dry and didactic as the sermons of dyspeptic divines. And it is clear enough that the crowd is drawn together, not from any interest in the "Poetry of Pope," nor in my Lord's opinion of that poetry, but simply to behold an Earl or a Duke's son in the flesh. The superior air of the speaker, which Mr. Godolphin Osborne complains of, is the reflection of the snobbish air of the audience.

The Lyceum, as we understand it, has not yet rooted itself in England. There are Mechanic Institutes at which weekly lectures are delivered, but there is no corps of popular lecturers. When there is, the effect upon English social and political cultivation will be as marked as it already is upon ours.

The Lyceum in this country, to-day, is very different from that of fifteen years ago. The themes discussed are less recondite. They come home to the thoughts and sympathies of the great mass of every audience. The audience, in fact, demands every year to be less and less amused, merely; but to hear real subjects treated in a real way. It tolerates the boldest expression of thought, so it be seen to be honest and calm; and nothing is more striking than to hear public speakers saying openly, and with patience, if not applause, on the part of the audience, what would have caused them to be suppressed eight or ten years ago.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

BOSTON, *November*, 1858.

MR. LOUNGER.—I am desirous of adding a morsel to the weekly banquet which you provide, with so much success, for the readers of *Harper's Weekly*. So behold a few *cento* verses which have been lying idle in my brain for several years. *Cento*, as some of your readers may not know, is an Italian term applied to a patched and ragged cloak, and has thence been transferred to poetry composed from the shreds of other poets.

(*Marmion*) The prior of St. Swithin's gave,
(*John Gilpin*) And eke with all his might,
(*Christabel*) Sixteen short howls, not over loud,
(*Marmion*) And rushed into the fight.

Mercury and Venus next appear,
Hooked by the nose their weight to prove,
Yet still resolved to persevere;
Ambition is no cure for love.

Meanwhile, on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,
A huge tin coffee-pot he bore,
Then on his back he laid the weighty load,
The trophies of a conqueror.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
Whose beard descending swept her aged breast,
Wide as a wind-mill all her figure spread,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
Aloft incumbent on the dusky air,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;
"Let spades be trumps," he said, and trumps they were!

Yours, respectfully, H. P. A.

"CHICAGO, *November*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—Thank your lucky stars, the Hog Family has removed to Chicago.

"Your places of public resort will have a short respite, until the Messrs. Hog return from their travels.

"In Chicago the genus Hog is now to be found in all his glory: place, the Young Men's Association reading-rooms; time, 9 A.M., as witness the following:

"A gentleman essays to read a paper spread open on the files, and while engaged on one side thereof Mr. Hog forthwith takes his position on the other; the aforesaid gentleman has probably nearly finished the column, and of course would soon turn to the other side; but Mr. Hog, in defiance of all rules of politeness, has taken his position, and there will remain until the original reader is forced to retire. Mr. Hog meanwhile chuckles to himself on the success of his superior finessing abilities.

"We are so well pleased with the conduct of the Hogs—*our Hogs*—that we think of presenting them with some fitting testimonial.

"Perhaps, Mr. Lounger, you would be kind enough to suggest something appropriate.

"Yours, admiringly, CHICAGO."

—The Lounger would humbly suggest that a good solid wring for the nose might be as appropriate and appreciated a testimonial as any other. It is one, too, in the presentation of which all parts of the country familiar with the family of Hog would be profoundly interested. Should the ceremony take place, may the Lounger depend upon "CHICAGO" to send him the details, which he will most gladly submit to his readers?

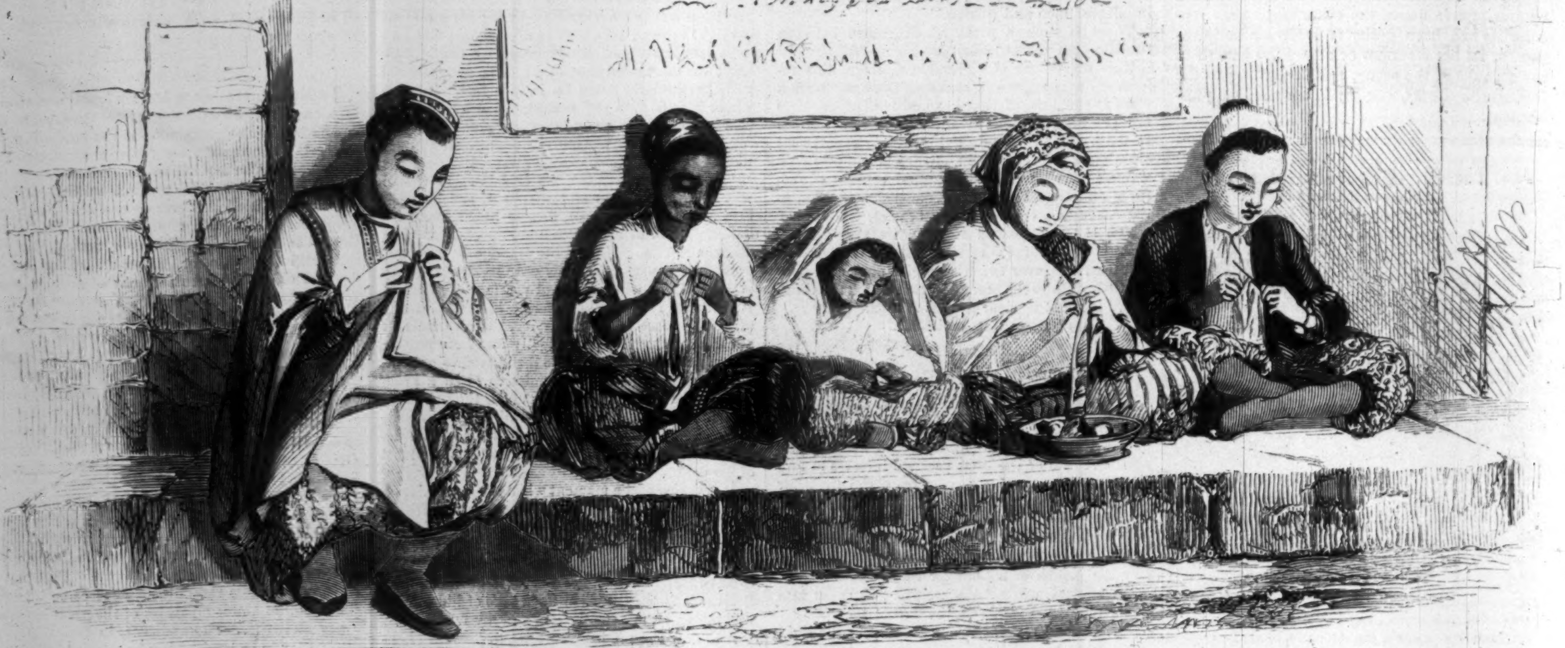
—FEMINA writes from Vermont, enthusiastically praising Church's pictures, which, indeed, deserve enthusiastic praise:

"I am no connoisseur myself. I know nothing of coloring practically, and only sketch a very little in penciling. But living in Vermont, near the lake and mountains of this lovely land, I have better teachers than can be found in cities; and when I saw Mr. Church's pictures I said, instantly, 'This is truth!—this is nature!' and I reverenced and do reverence accordingly. What a master-mind is his! What a strong and skillful hand! What wonderful appreciation of sympathy and tenderness for all the myriad forms of nature!"

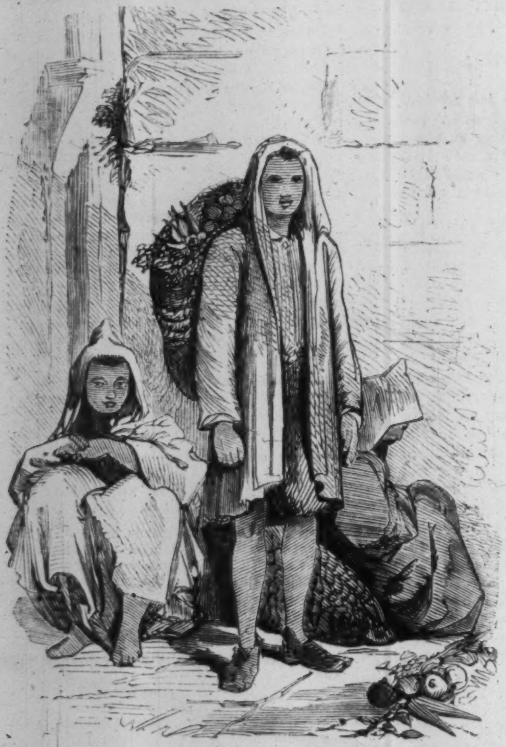
She then turns to Thackeray, whom she can not like:

"It is of no use for you men to defend Thackeray. With few exceptions, I am happy to say that the universal feminine world detests him (*though we read his books*); and I firmly believe that this is the sole reason that he sneers at and despises us 'poor, dear little hearts,' as he condescendingly calls us."

The italics are the Lounger's.



ARAB GIRLS AT SCHOOL, IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MADAME LUCE.



KABYLE BOYS.

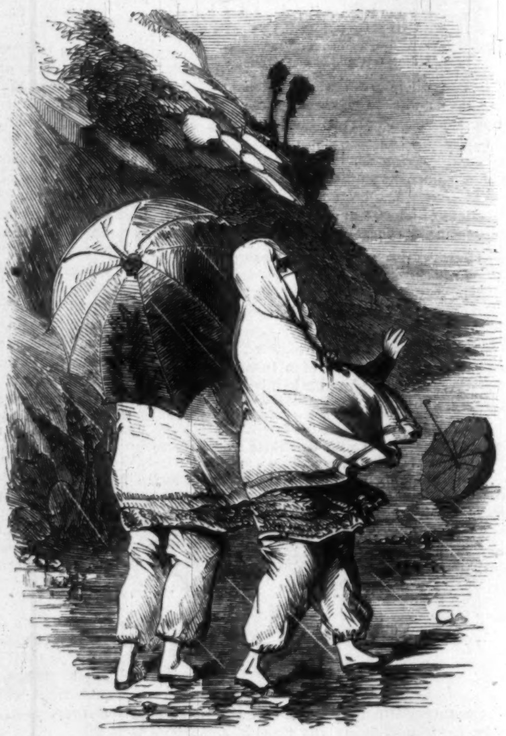
MODERN ALGIERS.

THE popular idea of Algiers, derived from books of travel and biographies of famous pirates, represents it as a place where corsairs hold their revels, where lovely young women are sold every day to the highest bidder at a few dollars a head, and where the Bashaw bowstrings a dozen Christians every morning before breakfast, just to satisfy himself of the stability of his religious principles. My fondest wish, in youth, was to go to Algiers on board a large man-of-war, which I had been taken to visit, and to blaze away at the place and people until not one stone was left upon another, and no bearded creature stood on his legs to face me.

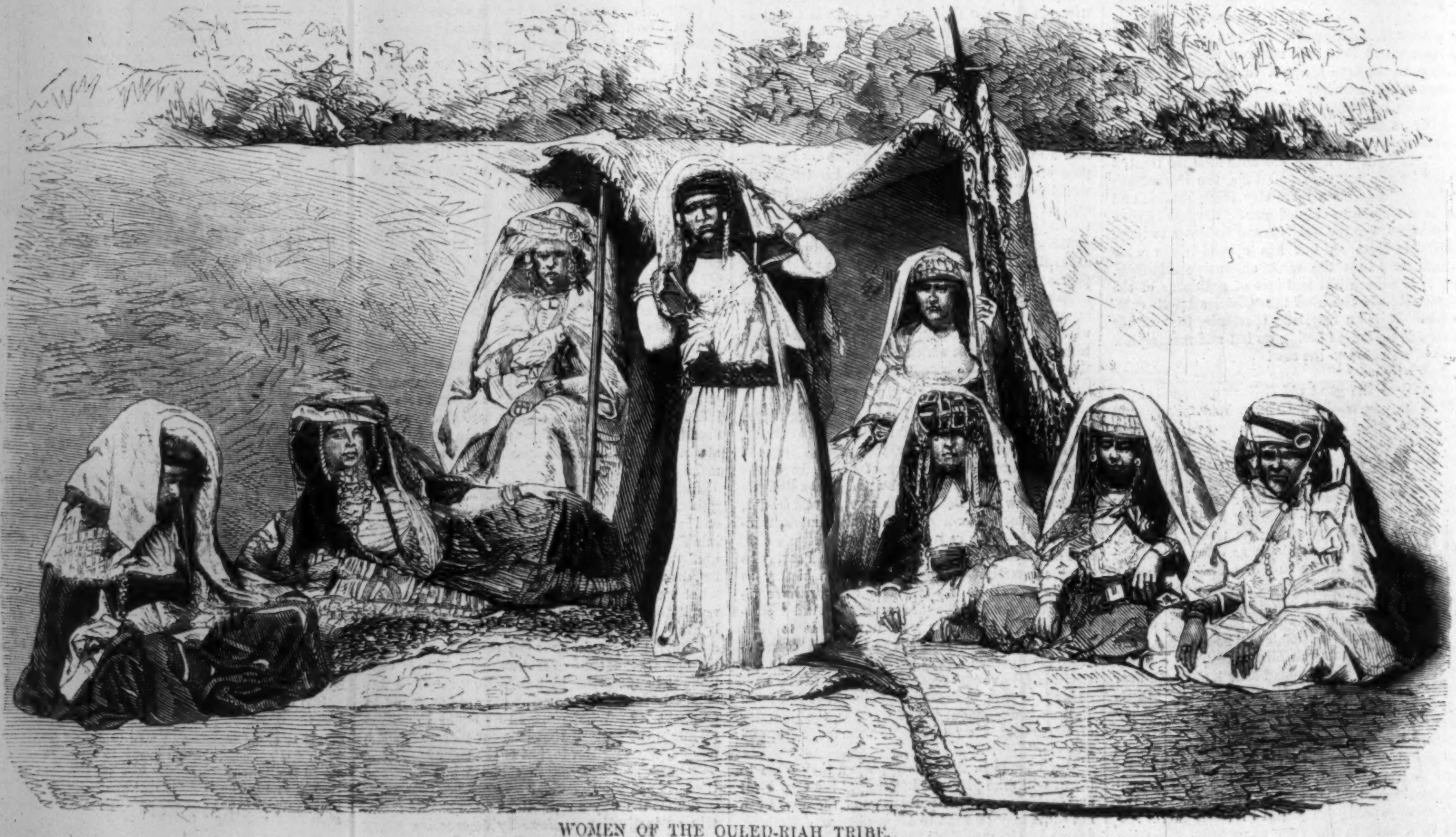
In fact, Algiers is a fair French town, not unlike Marseilles or Bordeaux, with French cafés, French shops, French liquors, French soldiers, French costumes, and French *grisettes*. The aboriginal population exists, it is true; but glory has departed from them, and *absinthe* and other French institutions rule the day. In a few years there will be nothing Algerian about Algiers—nothing Moorish about the old strong-hold of the old Moorish freebooters. Mussulman and Jew are both slowly fading away before the irresistible Frenchman.

Our illustrations may be regarded as embalming a society which will soon be a thing of the past. One of them represents a couple of Moorish ladies overtaken in a rain-storm. Rain is a rare occurrence at Algiers. For eleven of the twelve months, on an average, the sky is clear, and the native ladies can carry on their flirtations and gossip upon the roofs of their houses under the canopy of heaven. But it does rain sometimes, and then 'tis a painful sight to see the poor Moorish ladies struggling through the mire. Their dress, to male eyes, seems to consist of innumerable folds of cotton or linen wound round and round head, body, and limbs; there are so many folds that under a fair shower of rain the wearer runs some risk of being washed away. A late traveler tells a story of a very virtuous Moorish lady who was overtaken in so heavy a storm that even her *yashmak* was washed off her face, and she was forced to walk through several streets with her features exposed to the public gaze. She bore it patiently for a while, but after a time the indignity was too terrible for her feelings. Rushing through a crowded street to a wharf, she plunged into the Mediterranean, deeming death a fit expiation for her accident.

Another of our engravings represents a female school in Algiers. This school, which has already become famous, is directed by a hero-



MOORISH LADIES IN A STORM.

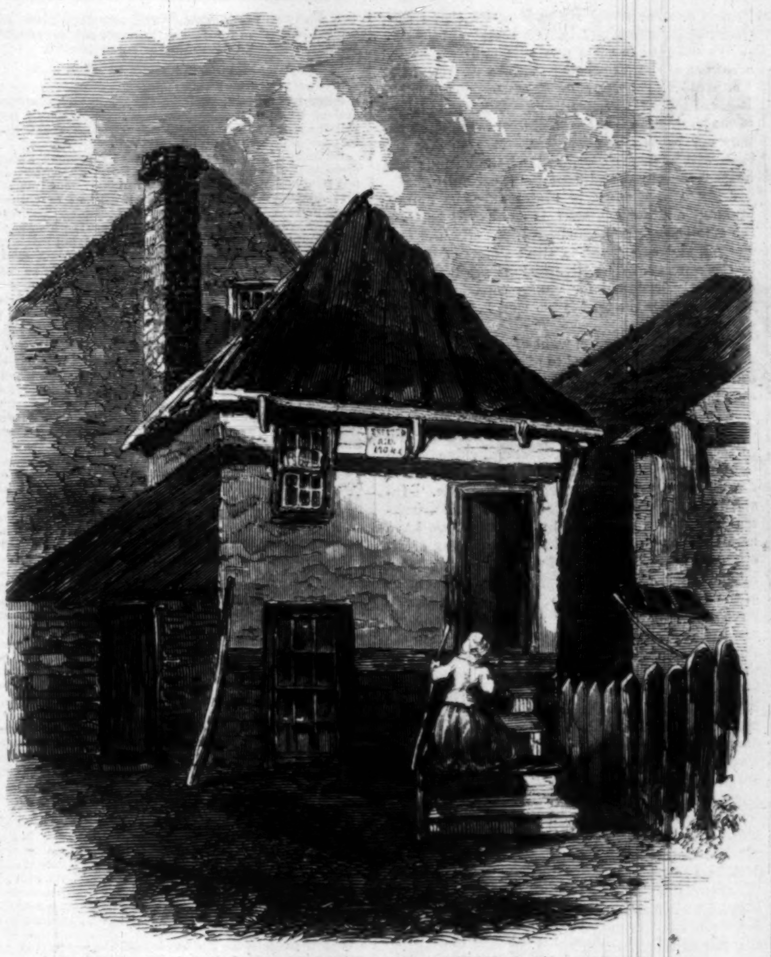


WOMEN OF THE OULED-RIAH TRIBE.

ine of the name of Madame Luce. She was one of the first French settlers in Algiers, and many years ago she conceived the project of educating the Arab and Moorish girls of the city. Obstacles and difficulties beset her on every side. The French Government regarded the female sex as a necessity in the economy of the human race, but saw no reason why any pains should be taken to educate females. The Emperor would give no money to Madame Luce; he would not protect her against her enemies. Finding that without Government protection she could not struggle against the difficulties of her task, this noble-hearted woman converted all her private property into money, even pawned her gold thimble, and went to Paris to see Napoleon. She succeeded in obtaining an interview, and in the few minutes which were granted to her, she spoke so sensibly and so forcibly that she obtained what she had sought—first, the protection of the French soldiery; next, an allowance from Government for her school. On her return from France it was reopened with éclat. As soon as it was known that the Government was on her side, everybody hastened to send his daughters to Madame Luce's establishment; and now, we are told, she has as many pupils as may be seen in any of our common schools. Her system is excellent. She teaches sewing of all kinds, reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and geography; she does not interfere with the religious views of her scholars. The Jewish girls pray after their fashion, the Mussulmans girls have the Koran read to them, the Christians read the Bible and their devotional works. Some of Madame Luce's pupils have already done her credit. One of the most worthily-earned prizes at the late Paris Exhibition was bestowed on a deaf and dumb Arab girl, who was educated by Madame Luce, for samples of embroidery.

Our two other illustrations represent the Kabyle boys, who are the porters and waiters at the hotels and cafés of Algiers, and the Ouled-Riah women. The Ouled-Riahs are an old Arab tribe which for many years successfully resisted the attempts of the French to subjugate them. Nestled in their mountain fastnesses, they were almost inaccessible, and when they sallied forth from their haunts in search of plunder or battle, they generally contrived to measure their time so correctly that they were sure to succeed. The Ouled-Riahs as a tribe were crushed out, twelve years ago, by the present Duke of Malakoff, French Embassador to England, then plain Colonel Pelissier. The terrible story of the final extinction of the tribe was thus told by the *Akhbar* of Algiers, of the 5th July, 1845:

> "Colonel Pelissier was busy in pursuing the Ouled-Riahs, who have never yet submitted, as they dwell in immense caverns, which it would be madness for the troops to enter. On the 18th of June, being closely pursued, the Ouled-Riahs fled to their usual place of refuge. After having surrounded the caverns, fagots were lighted and thrown by the French troops before the entrance. This demonstration was made to convince the Arabs that the French had the power, if they pleased, of suffocating them in their hiding-place. Then the Colonel threw in letters, offering them life and liberty if they would surrender their arms and their horses. At first they refused, but subsequently replied they would consent if the French troops would withdraw. This condition was not accepted, and more burning fagots were thrown in. A great tumult now arose from a discussion as to whether there should be a surrender or not. The party opposed to a surrender carried their point, and a few of the minority escaped. Colonel Pelissier, wishing to spare the lives of those who remained in the cavern, sent some Arabs to exhort them to surrender. They refused, and a few women, who did not partake of the savage fanaticism of the majority, attempted to fly, but their husbands and relations fired upon them to prevent their escape from the martyrdom. Colonel Pelissier then suspended the throwing of the burning fagots, and sent a French officer to hold a parley with the Ouled-Riahs, but his messenger was received with a discharge of fire-arms, and could not perform his mission. This state of things continued till the night of the 19th, when, losing all patience and all hope of subduing these fanatics, who formed a perpetual nucleus of revolt in the country, the fire was renewed and rendered intense. During this time the shrieks of the unhappy wretches who were being suffocated were dreadful, and then nothing was heard but the crackling of the fagots. This silence spoke volumes. The troops entered, and found five hundred dead bodies. About one hundred and fifty, who still breathed, were brought into the fresh air, but a portion of them expired afterward."



PART OF THE REMAINS OF FORT PITT, SKETCHED IN JANUARY, 1854.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

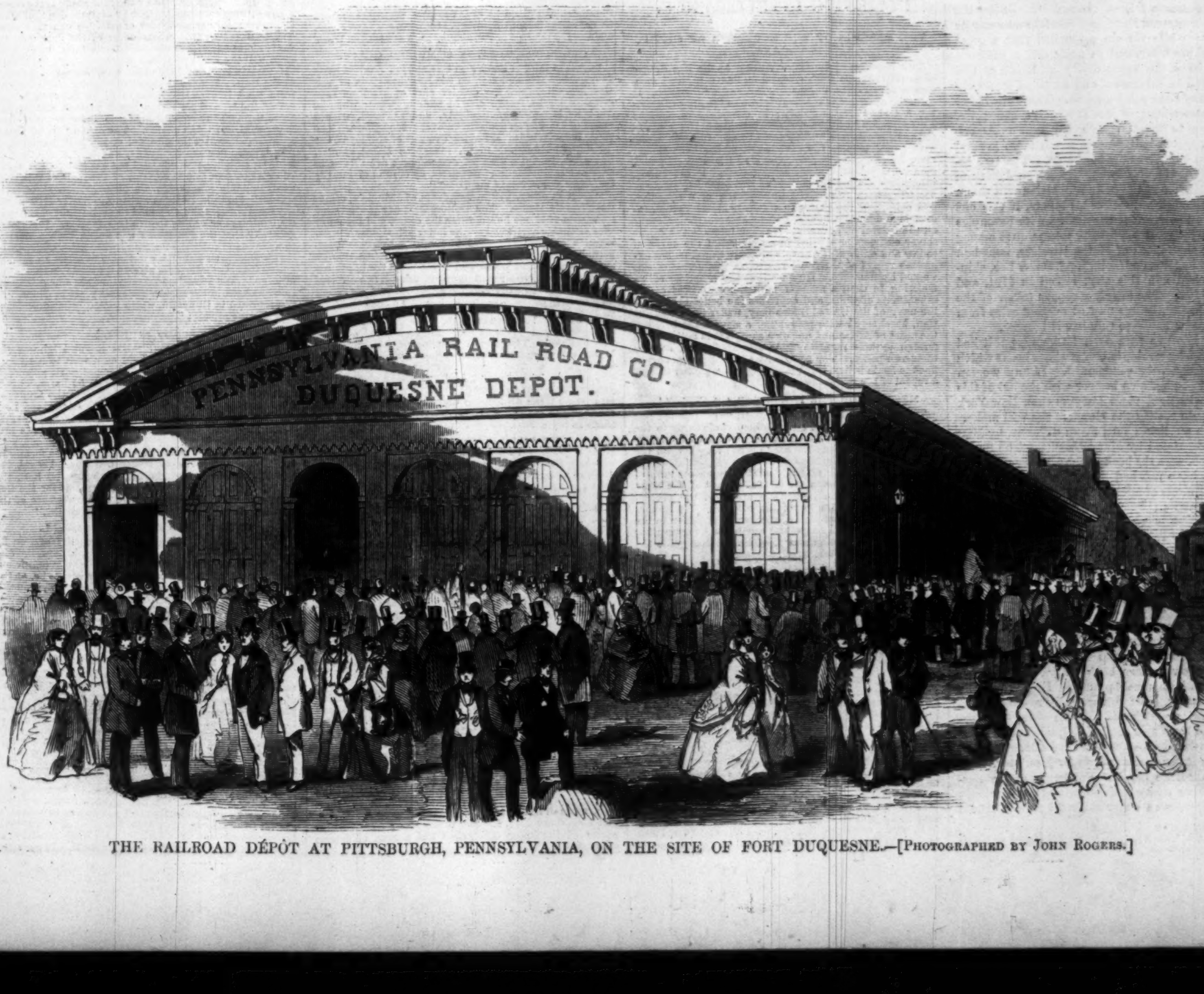
ON Thursday last the people of Pittsburgh and the vicinity assembled to celebrate a memorable event. One hundred years ago, on the 25th November, the fort which bore the name of Fort Duquesne, and which stood on the site of the present railroad dépôt at Pittsburgh, was taken from the French by the Provincial and regular troops under General Forbes; and thus the French scheme of domination on this continent was overthrown, and the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon element was forever secured.

The point where the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers blend their waters to form the Ohio was pointed out, in the middle of the last century, by both French and English engineers as a commanding site for a fort. Accordingly, in January of 1754, when the great struggle began for the control of the lakes and the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio, that point was contended for by both parties. The French had built forts at Erie, Waterford, French Creek, and Venango (these names, of course, were given to the sites long afterward); the Virginians under Governor Dinwiddie, and acting in concert with the Ohio Company, a trading corporation, directed Major Washington to raise two hundred men, and to build a fort at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers. The duty of breaking ground at the site was deferred to the second in command, Captain Trent, who arrived on the spot in March, 1754. On 7th April following he was attacked by a body of 1000 men, mostly Indians, under Monsieur Contrecœur, and forced to evacuate the place. The French continued the works he had begun, and on the completion of the fort gave to it the name of Fort Duquesne.

Every one remembers that it was to recover that post that the miserable expedition of Braddock was undertaken. The fort would probably have fallen into the hands of the British had the expeditionary force reached it, for the French commander had resolved to surrender. Luckily for him, the skillful attack of Captain Beaujeu's command, and the stupidity of Braddock, saved him the disgrace; and for some time longer the fort remained in the hands of the French.

When William Pitt took office one of his first aims was the recovery of Fort Duquesne. He saw that so long as the French held that point the British colonies on the sea-board would be unsafe. He accordingly gave directions to fit out an army under General Forbes, and took measures to obviate the errors which had proved fatal to General Braddock. General Forbes set out too late in the season, and but for a series of accidents which dispirited the French, he would have shared the fate of his predecessor. Luckily for him, the French tried to repeat the manœuvre they had played against Braddock; a *corps d'armée* sallied forth and attacked Colonel Boquet's force, which was some days' journey in advance of the main army; the English won the day; and the Indians, as usual after a defeat, fled, leaving the allies to make the best of the disaster. This accident so disheartened the garrison of the fort that, as the main army under Forbes approached, they evacuated it, and burned the buildings to the ground. On 25th November, 1758, Colonel Washington encamped on the site, which was covered with ashes and burning timbers strewed around the remains of thirty tall chimneys.

It is this memorable event which the Pennsylvanians celebrated on Thursday. One of our engravings represents the railroad dépôt, which stands as nearly as possible on the site of the old fort. The other, which is taken from a painting in the possession of the distinguished amateur, Mr. John M. Falconer, represents a part of the fort which was built by the English on the site of Fort Duquesne. After the reoccupation of the point by the army under Forbes, a new fort was built under the directions of Colonel Boquet, and named Fort Pitt. After the peace a town grew around this fort, and borrowed from it its name—Pittsburgh. Stores and buildings gradually encroached upon the old fortifications, and at length effaced them altogether. In January, 1854, Mr. Falconer endeavored to trace out its walls, but was unable.


PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD CO.
DUQUESNE DEPOT.

THE RAILROAD DÉPÔT AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, ON THE SITE OF FORT DUQUESNE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ROGERS.]

He discovered, however, a part of some of the old buildings, and painted them. Our engraving is taken from his picture.

LITERARY.

IT has been a work of pious affection for Dr. Strickland to prepare THE LIFE OF FRANCIS ASBURY, the pioneer Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, and he has produced such a book as might have been anticipated from the man and the subject. (Carlton & Porter, publishers.) It is no ordinary biography. We have the story of his life and his work here; and we follow him from his first boy-sermons (for he was a boy when he began to preach) in England to the consecration of himself to mission work in America—on shipboard, where we find him preaching, lashed to the mast in a gale of wind—into American forests—up and down the country, in all seasons and all weather, working like a man who was in earnest, sowing the seed in all parts of the land, and beholding the fruit with his own eyes before he was gathered to the fathers. Bishop Asbury's life is full of interest to all who would study the character of a faithful, self-denying minister of God's Word. Dr. Strickland has brought out very clearly the self-sacrificing character of his hero—for that he was a hero no one who reads the book will doubt or deny. With abilities that might command any situation in life, with powerful friends, whom he made for himself in every part of the country, he preferred the itinerant life of labor which he began in his youth, and which he never left off until he was stopped in the midst of his journeying by the call of the dread messenger. He had and he hoped for no reward here. He lived as a sojourner seeking a better country. We say he had no reward. Perhaps he felt that it was enough to see Methodism growing up in America under his fostering care, until the despised few who worshiped in the old William Street loft, in New York, had become the nation of Methodists, whose hymns and prayers ascended from every valley east of the Mississippi. Perhaps it was a reward worth living for, and in the end dying for, to know that through his labors, in a very large degree, the Methodist Church had attained a position of influence and strength, and a hold on the affections of the community, second to no Church in America. This, indeed, he had for his consolation; and in this view Dr. Strickland's book ranks among the important contributions of the day to religious history.

From Mr. J. K. Curtis, 83 Bleecker Street, we have received a work which, at the first glance, might strike the reader as a great waste of paper, but which, on examination, proves to be a remarkably interesting and valuable book. It is AN ARRANGEMENT OF TRADESMEN'S CARDS, POLITICAL TOKENS, ELECTION MEDALS, MEDALETS, etc., current in this country for the last sixty years, by Charles J. Bushnell, Esq., of this city, who is well known as one of the most assiduous and careful collectors of American coins and medals. The *cui bono* question which is put by most persons who examine this curious catalogue has its answer in the same way that all such questions directed to historical and genealogical subjects are answered. Of these medalets a vast majority are of no present importance; but many of them are already of much interest, and all of them will become so in time. To collectors, of course, Mr. Bushnell's work will commend itself as a careful and accurate catalogue; while we are persuaded that a great many who are interested in antiquarian subjects, but who have not devoted any attention to this branch, will be interested and gratified by an examination of the book before us. The work is but the commencement of Mr. Bushnell's enterprise. He proposes to bring out a further issue on American coins, which will possess much more general value than the part now before us. The two together will be the first complete work on American Numismatics; and the next generation will thank the accomplished author for his labors, if this one does not. The work is illustrated with examples of some of the most interesting tokens, first among which are the tokens of Motts, jewelers, issued in New York in 1789, and Talbot, Allum, & Lee, shipping merchants in this city, issued in 1794, and again in 1795. The latter, a copper token of the size of a penny, brings now at auction sales from two to three dollars—so rare has it become.

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN LAWYER, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, is one of those books which we have frequently condemned. If any woman attempts to be her own lawyer with the aid of this book she will need more lawyers than New York can supply to rectify the blunders she will make.

Peterson publishes THE FOUR SISTERS, by Miss Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt. The Swedish lady dedicates the book to the memory of Downing. We have not had time to examine it; nor will the admirers of Miss Bremer wait for any opinion on its merits.

PLAIN WORDS TO YOUNG MEN, by Augustus Woodbury, published in Concord by E. C. Eastman, belongs to a class of works, not uncommon of late, whose aim is to reach the morals and the manners of young men at one hit. Mr. Woodbury writes frankly, heartily, and with force and feeling.

We have heretofore noticed with favor Mrs. Hornby's IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL, which is now republished by James Challen & Son, Philadelphia. Few modern books of travel have been received with so much praise in England. The book is gossipy, most emphatically readable, contains all sorts of talk and twaddle about Constantinople and the Turks, and if it should ever happen to be translated into Turkish for Eastern readers, will make it somewhat unsafe for Mrs. Hornby to venture her little head on the banks of the Bosporus, where sacks and caiques are not wholly out of vogue, even under the mild rule of Abdul Medjid.

ISABELLA ORSINI, published by Rudd & Carlton, is another novel of the Beatrice Cenci sort, unreadable, unintelligible, and abominable.

We are glad to see a new edition of the sacred writings of the Mormons. James O. Wright & Co. publish THE BOOK OF MORMON, which is the Bible of those fanatical people. With the history of the production of these stupid yet ingenious writings our readers are familiar. A glance at the book will not harm any one, and the curious will be glad to possess and examine it carefully.

JACK AND HARRY, or Pictures for the Young, by Mary and John Howitt, is an elegant book for the small folks, published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, and calculated to elicit shouts of delight in the nursery. The illustrations are large, and excellently designed for young capacities of enjoyment, while the text is too well known to need comment.

We have to regret the want of space for a fuller notice than we are obliged to give of Dr. Sprague's fifth volume of ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT, published by Carter & Brothers. This volume is devoted to the Episcopalian clergymen, and fully sustains the high reputation for accuracy and correctness, as well as for interest and value, which the former volumes had established. The plan of Dr. Sprague possesses especial attractions. Instead of a general biographical encyclopedia, written in uniform style and by one hand, we have here judicious, careful, and reliable digests of biography, nearly every one of which is accompanied by one or more letters from personal acquaintances of the subject of the memoir, or from persons who have had opportunities for special knowledge of his life and character. These letters are among the most attractive features of the volume, as of the former, and add ten-fold to its value as a historical work, while we are not to be understood as insinuating that the work of Dr. Sprague's own pen is any less readable or valuable. The series may challenge comparison with any biographical works extant. We call the attention of our readers in the country to this set of works, as most admirably suited for presents to pastors, and as works which, in every house, will prove inexhaustible funds of instruction, interest, and worthy example for children growing up to maturity.

A book, by Professor H. F. Massmann, the old "Turnmeister," has been published at Berlin, entitled THE HIGH SCHOOL: A Dream—[Die hohe Schule. Ein Traum.] It abounds in anecdote of the German Professors, of which this is a specimen:

> "Professor Thomas Haselbach, of Vienna, lectured publicly for *twenty-two* years on the first chapter of Isaiah, without ever having come to an end; his colleague and admirer, Aegidius Guthmann, divided his lectures on the first five verses of Genesis into twenty-four volumes. Crusius lectured eight years on the Psalms, without going through the first half. Petrus Pontanus used to chalk on the doors of his lecture-room, when he was in his cups, a group of P's, which meant, *Petrus Pontanus, Professor Publicus, Propter Pocula Prohibetur Prælegere.* Eobanus Hesse took a pitcher of wine with him into the pulpit, drinking a mouthful at every fine passage of the poet on whom he was lecturing, till at last every passage appeared fine to him. Friedrich August Wolf, at Berlin, when he had no mind to lecture, or wanted to work for himself, used to put up a bill in his lecture-room, with the words, 'I shall be ill for a week.' Professor Walch, at Gottingen, on the contrary, fell really ill during the vacations, because he could not then read to his auditory."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Message of Governor Allston to the Legislature of South Carolina was delivered on 23d ult. The message is conservative in tone, concise, and well written. It calls the attention of the Legislature to the duty of electing a United States Senator in the place of Senator Evans; refers in terms of congratulation to the progress of the railroads and other internal improvements of the State; recommends the investment of Southern capital more in Southern improvements and less in Northern securities; refers in terms of disapproval to incendiary resolutions against slavery by the free State Legislatures, declaring such resolutions undeserving of a response, and exhorting the States to cultivate moral virtues, industrious domestic habits, and to observe scrupulously all the federal obligations. He then refers to the recent slaver cases, as presenting in strong relief the devotion to law and order of the people of South Carolina, but expresses regret at their occurrence, as productive of unwonted excitements. He questions the propriety of interfering in such a manner with the commerce of the inhabitants of Cuba, and expresses the belief that while the navy of the United States may, under the Constitution, be charged with preventing a slave-trade between the coast of Africa and our own shores, it is policy to let foreign nations regulate their own affairs and enforce their own police. The remainder of the Message is confined to State policy, recommending, among other things, a repeal of the usury laws.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

The Message of Governor Willard was delivered last week. It is very brief, and confined exclusively to the causes that rendered the extra session of the Legislature necessary. He animadverted to some length upon the failure of the last Legislature to make appropriations for the maintenance of the State officers, the State institutions, and for the payment of the interest of the State debt. He urged the immediate action of the present Assembly upon these important subjects. He further recommended the erection of another State Prison in the northern part of the State, and concluded by expressing the hope "that wisdom and patriotism would guide the action" of those he addressed.

THE CASE OF THE INDIANA SENATORS.

Both Houses of the Indiana Legislature have adopted resolutions declaring the election of Messrs. Bright and Fitch, United States Senators from that State, illegal, unconstitutional, and void. As the dispute about these Senators will be apt to lead to discussion during the next session of Congress, the following explanation of the state of the case, from the *Herald*, will be found interesting and useful: When the Nebraska Bill was passed, in 1854, both the Indiana Senators (Messrs. Bright and Pettit) were Administration Democrats, and supported it. Mr. Pettit's term expired in 1855; Mr. Bright's in 1857. The Indiana Legislature only meets biennially. At its next meeting after the passage of the bill there was a Nebraska majority in one House, but an anti-Nebraska majority in the other and on joint ballot. The Nebraska men succeeded, however, in preventing a joint Convention, so nothing was done, and Pettit's seat remained vacant. At the next meeting of the Legislature, two years after, a similar opposition between the Houses bid fair to lead to a similar result. But the Democrats procured a joint Convention, with a Democratic majority in it, which re-elected Mr. Bright, and elected Dr. Fitch to fill the vacant seat of Mr. Pettit. A formal protest was made at Washington. The new Legislature just elected has taken the matter in hand, and the result is the adoption of the resolution before mentioned.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S SONS IN TROUBLE.

The editor of the St. Joseph *Journal* has been shown a letter from David H. Burr, Esq., late Surveyor-General of Utah, to Mr. Hockaday, dated October 22, from which we make the following extract to show how matters are progressing in the Holy Valley:

"The Mormons are tolerably quiet at present, though occasionally they show the cloven foot. Yesterday, Joe and Brigham Young (sons of the Prophet) went into Gilbert & Gerrish's store and were impudent to Gilbert, when he collared them and summarily ejected them from his store. Joe got on his horse, and, drawing his revolver, attempted to ride in and shoot Gilbert, but Brigham, being a little more discreet, prevented him. A crowd gathered around, revolvers were drawn, and a trifle then would have produced a collision. If Joe had not been stopped he would certainly have been shot. Some Mormons went then and arrested them both, pretending to take them to the calaboose."

GAMBLING AND GAMBLERS AT WASHINGTON.

The Daily *Times* has a letter from Washington on Pendleton's death. The writer says: "I need hardly say that the stories afloat of Pendleton's having lost $180,000 in one sitting, and other like pieces of poetry, are mere rosy fictions. I do not believe that, either at Pendleton's or any other faro bank, here or in New York, $10,000 was ever lost or won at one sitting. The capital with which a bank opens a game here never exceeds $10,000, and on suffering a loss of $5000—a matter of rare occurrence—the bank generally closes for the night. At Crockford's £5000 was the limit of loss, and he never allowed it to go beyond. There is a story, somewhat uncertain, of a Western contractor having lost $8000 at Pendleton's, but this is the largest sum even fable ascribes to his faro bank. As a rule, the wealth and winnings of gamblers are highly colored. With the exception of one or two in New York, there is no gambler, either at the political or commercial capital, possessed of any amount of wealth. The odds at faro in favor of the bank, as calculated by the keenest players at Baden, is, here as there, 2¼ per cent.; and their advantage lies, far more than on this percentage, in that feature in players' natures which, in their losing luck, forces them, in the hope of regaining, to lose more and more, until they reach a heavy loss, whereas they seldom have the daring to take full advantage of a favoring fortune. Pendleton, though for the last two years, as he neared the verge of the grave, he tried to grasp every thing on the margin, died worth only $38,000. Of this sum he bequeathed three-fourths to his wife, and the other to his mother for her life, with remainder to some relatives.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE AND THE PRESIDENT.

"His wife, the daughter of Mr. Mills, the builder of the Capitol, with whom Pendleton ran away early in his career, and who naturally shared to some degree the notoriety of her husband, is a woman of much personal and mental charm, and has always been treated here with as much attention as possible, considering the circumstances of her position. She is said to have carried on a considerable correspondence with Mr. Buchanan, and since her husband's death the President is known to have paid her a visit of condolence, and expressed his regret that he was not aware of the day fixed for her husband's funeral, or he should have attended as a mark of his respect.

PENDLETON'S POLITICAL INFLUENCE.

"That Pendleton had much influence in political matters, or ventured to exercise any, I do not believe. He probably attained his highest ambition in this direction when dispatched as delegate from the capital to the Cincinnati Convention. But in the lobby he was a power, and wielded more influence than any single individual, even Thurlow Weed, could command. He held a large number of Congressmen (and those of the loosest and most unprincipled class), and even a stray Senator or so, in the iron wrench of pecuniary obligation, and when a fat contract had to be carried, or foul job lobbyed through, no huntsman ever brought his pack up to their work with a severer leash. His influence may be judged from the fact that when, some time since, the keen and crafty proprietor of perhaps the largest commercial steam fleet in the world, and one not in the habit of taking a false measure of men, had occasion for a visit to Washington, his first move was to make Pendleton a present of a pair of carriage-horses, and he fed at his table every day. It is also a fact that a gentleman who went to Washington to obtain the return of a large amount of duty, paid Pendleton $10,000 for his interest. A few weeks faro, and a Congressman is cleaned out. Where does he then dine?—At Pendleton's. Where does he drink?—At Pendleton's. When he needs money, perhaps to return home, where does he mortgage his mileage?—At Pendleton's. He belongs to Pendleton. 'Is not Evelyn true?'

OTHER WASHINGTON GAMBLING HELLS.

"Next in rank to Pendleton was and is Pringle's, some doors below the National, on the Avenue. The proprietor himself passes the greater part of his time in a drunken dream, from which he seldom wakes; when he does, he is quiet, gentlemanly, and reserved, with a range of knowledge bounded on every side by faro. The house is remarkable for having two sets of employés, one for day and one for night, the game being eternal. Breakfast, lunches, dinners, and suppers are served in constant succession, and devoured by crowds of hungry Southern and Western men.

"Next in order, within two doors of Pringle's, comes the Virginia House. The visitors here are made up of some who visit one house, some the other, and some few who visit this exclusively—the latter principally Virginians. Though the faro case here does not represent perpetual motion, as at Pringle's, they never lose a chance, are prepared at all hours, and never leave the house except to shave. The entertainments, though not directed by a delicate taste, are very good.

'One after one the Lords of Time advance.'

Next, and last, comes Monteiro, a Virginian of Spanish extraction, who deals at the 'Corner House,' opposite the National. This house is, perhaps, the nicest in Washington, and is almost exclusively patronized by the Legations. The suppers, as compared with the others, are gay and graceful, and the appearance of the young *attachés* of an evening, in full-dress and white tie, after one of the diplomatic dinners which follow each other in the season with the rapidity of the celebrated fruits in the enchanted garden,

'Scarce one is gathered ere another grows,'

gives a perfumed air to the rather dingy apartments, which is pleasant. There are, besides, a herd of small cattle of no account."

DEATH OF HON. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Letters from Paris announce the death, in that city, Nov. 8, of the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, of this city. His disease was diabetes. The *Times* thus epitomizes his biography: "He was born at Kinderhook, in this State, in December, 1795. He studied law with Ex-President Van Buren, and when admitted to practice, became his partner. Mr. Butler served with credit in the State Assembly, was afterward associated with Judge Duer and John C. Spencer in the work of revising the Statutes, and became Attorney-General of the United States during the Presidency of General Jackson. Subsequently, he was appointed United States District-Attorney for the Southern District of New York. Mr. Butler took an active part in politics, was a warm supporter of the doctrines of the Democratic party for many years, but in 1847–'48 bolted with the Barnburners, under the lead of John Van Buren, and entered with great zeal into the exciting Presidential canvass of that period. When the new party, however, retraced its steps in 1850–'51, Mr. Butler stood aloof, took no part with his former political associates, and became a strenuous opponent of the Kansas-Nebraska Pro-Slavery movement. Latterly he had withdrawn from public life, but his Free-Soil tendencies remained unaltered. His devotion to professional engagements having seriously impaired his health, he left the city in October last on a voyage to Europe, hoping for a restoration of his energies. He arrived in Paris, Nov. 3, and died there Nov. 8. Mr. Butler was an active supporter of charitable enterprises and a man of urbane manners."

A CLERGYMAN SUING FOR HIS SALARY.

A suit was tried in the Circuit Court last week, before Judge Emott and a jury, in which the Rev. David J. Patterson appeared as plaintiff, and the First Reformed Dutch Church as defendants. The suit was brought to recover six months' salary, due on the 1st of July, 1858. The defense set up a plea that the Society was not an incorporated body, and, therefore, could make no legal agreement for pastor's salary, and also that the services were not worth the amount claimed. The jury, after hearing all of the circumstances in the case, rendered a verdict for plaintiff, awarding $382 68—the full amount claimed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A VESSEL, it appears, has arrived at Valentia with seven miles of the shore end of the cable on board. She is called the *Stag*, and Captain Kell, her commander, is making arrangements to lay this portion of the wire with all possible speed. In connection with the arrival of the *Stag* at Valentia, the Munster *News* says: "There is one rather dangerous reef of rocks lying about one mile and a half or two miles outside the mouth of Valentia harbor, called the Coast Guard Patch. On this rock there are about ten fathoms at low water, and about twenty-six fathoms all round it. Unfortunately, as the *Agamemnon* entered the harbor, owing to the wind being unfavorable, she was obliged to lay the cable over this spot. It is thought that the drifting of the cable over this place might have partially caused the injury which has stopped the working for so long a period. From this point it will, of course, be removed, and deposited in the most secure and level channel in the harbor. With the view of discovering such a channel, Captain Kell has, for the last few days, been closely sounding every approach to the bay, both on the Valentia and the Lough Kay side of the Beginish Island. As there is already between four and five miles of the shore end of the cable laid down, the additional seven miles which will be added to it by Captain Kell will render the rope quite secure against any injury from the wash of the tide. It is understood that Mr. Henley, whose powerful magnetic-electric machines have for some time been used at Valentia, has undertaken to superintend the electric operations at Valentia for a short period."

The London *Times* recommends the use of the Hughes instrument.

THE LAST FROM MR. WHITEHOUSE.

Mr. Whitehouse, the electrician, has published a reply to the last and curt epistle of the secretary to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, in which he declares that recent experiments upon a faulty piece of cable raised from the harbor of Valentia have satisfied him that the system of testing hitherto relied upon is to the last degree fallacious and inconclusive. He adds that, during his recent stay at Valentia, he learned that on one occasion, after the official messages had been worked off, the superintendent at Newfoundland gave the clerks permission to amuse themselves by sending currents through the cable. Being free from responsibility for any errors arising from haste, they worked Mr. Whitehouse's apparatus with unusual rapidity, and the clerks at Valentia received perfect signals while this was going on. Mr. Whitehouse asserts that the conversation was kept up in full words by the aid of Thomson's galvanometer. This statement is so extraordinary that we are almost constrained to suppose Mr. Whitehouse has been deceived. Practical telegraphers, on the other hand, are of opinion that, in reading the last message, the powerful imagination of the clerks was more serviceable than the delicate needles and reflector of Mr. Thomson. So confident, however, is Mr. Whitehouse of the accuracy of his information that he makes it the basis of a series of calculations. These lead him to form the hopeful opinion that, after paying all necessary working expenses, and laying aside £50,000 in the first year as a reserve, there will be a margin of receipts by the transmission of messages through the present defective cable amply sufficient to pay all shareholders ten per cent.

ALMOST A FRENCH INVASION.

The Cork *Reporter* tells the following story: "The inhabitants not alone of Queenstown, but of the entire surrounding country, were on Tuesday night dreadfully alarmed by being startled from their peaceful slumbers by a powerful cannonade from one of the war-ships in the harbor. The consternation was increased by its being after the hour for firing signals, and by the cannonade being irregular and long continued. The first impression that arose from this most extraordinary occurrence was that some hostile squadron had, under cover of the darkness, endeavored to surprise the port. It was soon found, however, that the cause of alarm proceeded from the *Hawk*, the captain and first lieutenant of which were on shore at the time. It was 10 o'clock, and the second lieutenant, from what inspiration remains to be discovered, conceived the idea of piping all hands on deck and putting them through the evolutions of defense consequent upon being surprised by an enemy. The captain of the *Hawk*, and soon after him the admiral of the port, hastened on board, and after the gentleman had been about half an hour 'surprising the natives,' put an end to his sport. In order to ascertain the entire of the facts of this most unaccountable proceeding, we dispatched a reporter to Queenstown, to learn them at the Admiralty House, but the functionaries there seemed to make light of the matter, and were unwilling to give information. It is stated generally that the gentleman was not in such a state as to understand fully the nature of what he was doing, and that he has been put under restraint to await an investigation into his motives for placing Queenstown in a 'state of siege.' We have just learned that the officer in question has been in the service for some years in China, and has returned in ill-health, which probably has occasioned this strange conduct."

SPORT INDEED!

A court authority says: "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge lately went on a visit to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, and shot over the park preserves, in which 435 pheasants, 56 partridges, 54 hares, 18 rabbits, and one woodcock were killed. On the following day his Royal Highness, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord G. Manners bagged 245 pheasants, 68 partridges, 73 hares, and 26 rabbits, in four hours, in the Links preserves. The game killed by his Grace and friends, with an average of three guns a day, for upward of a fortnight, is 857 pheasants, 2700 partridges, 630 hares, 129 rabbits, and 2 woodcocks; and the bag made by Mr. Bell, the park-keeper, during September, as presents for the tenants, etc., were 5082 head, which, in consequence of the unusual abundance of game, is scarcely missed."

GAVAZZI AND OLIVER CROMWELL.

Signor Gavazzi delivered an eloquent lecture, on 2d November, at Manchester, upon "Oliver Cromwell," discussing his merits in the threefold capacity of politician, warrior, and Christian, and pronouncing him to be, on the whole, the greatest man that England has ever produced. At the close of the lecture, some of the audience, unasked, tendered subscriptions to the lecturer for the purpose of aiding to raise a national monument to the great Puritan hero, and a committee was appointed to assist in carrying out the object.

WHOLESALE POISONING WITH LOZENGES.

It appears that a person named Neale, a wholesale confectioner at Bradford, England, has been in the habit of mixing a large quantity of plaster of Paris with peppermint lozenges, as a substitute for ground sugar—twelve pounds of the plaster to forty pounds weight of sugar. This lozenge-maker was in collusion with a Mr. Hodgson, of the same place, a druggist. To disguise the knavery, the two tradesmen, in their dealings, called the plaster "daft" or "[illegible]," and the confectioner's messenger went to the druggist's shop for the material thus designated. A few days since a raw apprentice, in the service of the druggist, unacquainted with the pass-word, went up stairs to his master, who was ill in bed, to ask for instructions, and was told to proceed to the cellar for twelve pounds of "daft," in a corner of which he would find a cask containing the material. In the cellar he found two casks, one containing "daft" the other arsenic, and the boy served Neale with arsenic instead of plaster of Paris. A retail dealer, named Hardaker, bought a considerable quantity of this abominable mixture, sold the lozenges in the market-place of Bradford, and the result was the fearful and wholesale poisoning of from 150 to 200 persons. Glaring, rank dishonesty has been the cause of the calamity—the determination of Neale to undersell his honest competitors.

NARROW ESCAPE OF BEING BURIED ALIVE.

A sensation has been caused at Nuneaton, Warwickshire, in consequence of a young woman of that place having come to life after her apparent death. Preparations were made for "laying her out," the bell tolled, and the shutters were closed; but in a few hours after her supposed death she became warm, and ultimately convalescent. She states that during the time she was in the trance she could distinctly hear the conversation of those near her.

CAN A WOMAN BE A SEAMAN?

In an action for wages by a steward and stewardess of an American vessel, a delicate question arose, on the 2d, in the London Court of Common Pleas. The Lord Chief Justice said that part of the claim was for wages for the plaintiff's wife, and she could hardly come under the Merchant Seaman's Act. Mr. Jones, a counsel learned in the law, submitted that the terms of the Act would not only apply to seamen but to seawomen as well, because she had signed articles, and would, therefore, according to the Act, be a seaman. There was much laughter during this argument, and at the conclusion the Court said it must take time to look into the authorities upon the subject.

THE WIFE OF THREE MEN.

The Hampshire *Independent* says that a charge of bigamy has recently been heard at the Town Hall, Southampton, which revealed transactions of a most extraordinary kind. The facts are as follows: Some years ago a man named Collins was married to a woman at Fisherton Church, Salisbury. For being concerned in some machine riots Collins was transported within a few weeks of the birth of his daughter. A short time after Collins's banishment his wife marries another man (as she did not like single blessedness) named Kemish. When Collins's daughter had grown up to womanhood Kemish takes a fancy to her, and by agreement with the mother, who had for years been styled Mrs. Kemish, he marries the daughter at the same church at which the mother had been married to Collins, and at the same time and place at which Kemish marries the daughter (after, it must be recollected, he had been married to the mother many years), the mother, Mrs. Collins, alias Kemish, was actually married to a man named Pitt; so that the woman Collins has married three men—Collins, Kemish, and Pitt; and Kemish has married both mother and daughter; and Pitt finds out that the woman he now has is not his wife. Kemish and the woman Pitt, Kemish, or Collins, are both bailed to appear for their trial at the next assizes.

DEATH FROM SKINNING A SQUIRREL.

The Worcester *Herald* says: "A few days ago, at Bewdley, a child about nine years of age, named Michael Holder, was amusing himself with cutting up a dead squirrel that was in a putrid state, when the virus in the flesh inoculated his system through a slight wound on his finger, or a wart upon the hand. So active was the poison that it baffled the best medical advice, and after lingering in great agony for many days death terminated his sufferings."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following letter, which the Emperor has addressed to his cousin, Prince Napoleon, Minister of Algeria and the Colonies:

"ST. CLOUD, *Oct.* 30, 1858.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I have the liveliest desire that, at the moment when the differences with Portugal relative to the *Charles-Georges* have terminated, the question of the engagement of free laborers on the African coast should be definitively examined, and finally settled on the truest principles of humanity and justice.

"I energetically claimed from Portugal the restitution of the *Charles-Georges*, because I will always maintain intact the independence of the national flag; but in this case even it was only with the profound conviction of my right that I risked with the King of Portugal a rupture of those friendly relations which I am glad to maintain with him.

"But as to the principle of the engagement of the negroes my ideas are far from being settled. If, in truth, laborers recruited on the African coast are not allowed the exercise of their free-will, and if this enrollment is only the slave-trade in disguise, I will have it on no terms; for it is not I who will any where protect enterprises contrary to progress, to humanity, and to civilization.

"I beg you, then, to seek out the truth with the zeal and intelligence which you bring to bear on all affairs about which you employ yourself.

"And as the best method of putting a term to what is a continual cause of dispute would be to substitute the free labor of Indian coolies for that of the negroes, I beg you to come to an understanding with the Minister for Foreign Affairs to resume with the English Government the negotiations which were entered upon a few months ago.

"On this, my dear cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. NAPOLEON."

LAMARTINE GOING INTO EXILE.

Poor Lamartine quits his patrimonial estate next week, and the property which he trusted in vain to public liberality to enable him to save will be sold under a judge's order. It is understood that, after taking farewell of his Paris friends, the ruined poet and politician, who bitterly feels the cold comfort to which he has been treated by his countrymen, will cross the Channel and reside henceforth in England.

RACHEL'S TOMB.

Galignani has the following: "The approach of the 2d of November, the day devoted by the Catholic religion to the memory of the dead, occasions great activity in the different cemeteries at Paris, in order to have the tombs in course of erection completed by that day. Among those which have been recently terminated is that of Mademoiselle Rachel, at Père-la-Chaise. It is on the right on entering the part of the ground appropriated to the Israelites. It is a small chapel in the Greek style, over the door of which the word 'Rachel' is carved, with two crowns and a diadem. There are also two corbeilles in stone, highly polished and filled with flowers. The tomb of Alfred de Musset has also been just finished. A marble bust of the deceased is placed on the monument and a weeping willow planted in front of it, while on the eastern side is engraved a verse from his works, in which he speaks of that tree, and expresses a wish to have one planted near his last resting-place. Workmen are also employed in constructing the mausoleum of the Queen of Oude."

DEATH OF A DWARF.

We read in *Galignani*: "A dwarf named Richebourg, who was only 60 centimetres (23½ inches) high, has just died in the Rue du Four St. Germain, aged ninety. He was, when young, in the service of the Duchess d'Orleans, mother of King Louis Philippe, with title of 'butler,' but he performed none of the duties of the office. After the first revolution broke out he was employed to convey dispatches abroad, and, for that purpose, was dressed as a baby, the dispatches being concealed in his cap, and a nurse being made to carry him. For the last twenty-five years he lived in the Rue du Four, and during all that time never went out. He had a great repugnance to strangers, and was alarmed when he heard the voice of one; but, in his own family, he was very lively and cheerful in his conversation. The Orleans family allowed him a pension of 3000 francs."

A CHINESE FEAST AT PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes: "A few days ago Prince Napoleon gave a grand dinner in his Pompeian palace to his political, literary, and artistic friends. The dinner was in keeping with the character of the house and with some of the guests as well, one of whom was a Chinese *savant*. Some of the dishes were Chinese, and part of the wine was from Siam. Among the dishes were swallows' nests, the greatest of Chinese delicacies, cooked in the Nankin mode; fins of a shark, fried; *olothuries à la mandarine;* the interior of a sturgeon *a l'octogénaire; aux rondelles de bambou; olothuries* in salad, with pheasant jelly; rice *des immortels;* fowl, with Japanese curry; spinach with *balichas*, a dish much esteemed at Rome under Augustus; rice in Chinese fashion; Indian curry, etc."

IS WALKER A FRENCHMAN?

He adds: "Let us enregister a strange report in regard to Walker, which has furnished gossip for a week to the Paris journals. In 1847, the last year of the reign of Louis Philippe, and a year famous for its scandals, political and social, a Monsieur G., an aid-de-camp of the Duke de Nemours, was caught in the act of cheating at cards in a distinguished circle at Chantilly, and was obliged in consequence to leave the country. It was said that he went to Mexico, and that he died in that country. But lately a girl, the daughter of a ship-captain, whom he had seduced, and who had followed him into exile, returned to Paris, and by some unexplained misunderstanding of the girl's history, it was announced that Walker, the famous Central American filibuster, was none other than the expatriated aid-de-camp of the Duke de Nemours. And all Paris believed this cream of *canards!*"

HOOPS DENOUNCED BY THE PRIESTHOOD.

A provincial synod of prelates was held six months ago at the obscure town of Periguex, in Perigord, presided over by Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux. The statutes were sent to Rome for approval, and have at last come back duly indorsed. One is against crinoline, and its publication has created a terrific uproar on the banks of the merry Garonne. Another anathema is launched against social clubs (*cercles*) of every kind. Neither of these two clerical attempts to interfere with what does not concern them has the slightest chance of being submitted to by the laity.

HORRIBLE DELUSION.

The proprietor of a house in the Square Napoleon, at Bellville, France, lately received a visit from one of his tenants, a woman of some fortune, aged about forty-five. She informed him that being in a great embarrassment she had come to implore his assistance. "I have," she said, "a dreadful secret to impart to you. I lately killed two of my children, and got rid of their bodies by cutting them up into small pieces and throwing the morsels at different times into the Seine or the canal. I always took the bits of flesh out in a small basket, and no person paid the slightest attention to what I did. But the heads and some of the bones remain, and I do not know how to get rid of them. I have therefore come to ask you, as you are a kind-hearted man, to aid me in causing them to disappear; or, if you do not like to do that, deliver me up to justice, for I am most miserable. I wish to be dead, but have not the courage to terminate my existence." The proprietor of the house then remembered that for several days he had not seen the children alluded to, and he naturally received a severe shock from his tenant's statement. Seeing that she had become greatly excited he persuaded her to return to her own apartment and remain quiet. He then considered it his duty to inform the Commissary of Police of what he had heard, and on that magistrate proceeding to the residence of the self-accused murderess, he found her apparently in expectation of seeing him. "I was sure you would come," she said. "Take me into custody; I make no resistance." She then gave minute details of the manner in which she had, she declared, put the children to death, and concluded by affirming that the heads would be found in a box in the next room. The magistrate went there but the box was empty. The commissary then made some inquiries, from which it resulted that the two children had been taken to the country some days before by their grandmother, and he soon arrived at the conclusion that the poor woman who had accused herself was affected with mental alienation, which led her to imagine herself a murderess. She has since been placed in a *maison de santé*.

PRUSSIA.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE REGENT.

It really does seem as if the change of Government in Prussia is likely to be productive of a fairer and freer trial of the constitutional system in that country. With reference to the coming elections, Von Flottwell, the interim Minister of the Interior, has intimated to the whole of the functionaries in the department that they had better abstain altogether from presenting themselves as candidates, and leave the field open to private persons. Now, as these functionaries were the principal parties who tampered with the elections, the Prussian people will have a chance of getting a fair representation in the Landtag. According to advices from Berlin, Prince Hohenzollern Sigmaringen has been charged with the task of forming a new cabinet. The following members of the new Prussian ministry have been appointed: Prince Hohenzollern, President of the Council; M. Schleinitz, Foreign Affairs; M. Bathman Hollweg, Public Instructor; General Bomin, War. The rest of the Ministers are to be dismissed as soon as the arrangements for supplying their places are completed. The *Daily News* remarks that the Prince Regent of Prussia would manifestly have found it impossible to carry out a more liberal and progressive policy with the Manteuffel administration still in office. Their dismissal was inevitable.

A PRIME MINISTER GUILTY OF STEALING.

In Prussia the press appears to be under a surveillance nearly as degrading as that to which it is exposed in France. A story is current, now that the Manteuffel Ministry has fallen, which was hushed up two or three years ago in Berlin, respecting the abstraction of State papers of great consequence from the escritoirs of distinguished people in that capital, and which, had the press been free, would have astonished the world. The story connects Baron Manteuffel with letter-pilfering and the basest espionage, and the stolen dispatches are said to have been forwarded by Count Munster, at Paris, to the Foreign Office at Berlin. Among the papers was a diary which gave an account of the daily vacillations of the King's mood respecting the Eastern question. "A copy of a report on the conduct and language of the Prince of Prussia while engaged in the military inspection in Westphalia, had come into the Prince's own hands. This report had been prepared by a spy in the service of General Von Garlach. The Prince brought the whole transaction under the King's notice, and the very temporary disgrace of Garlach was the consequence of this discovery. Now that we have Herr Steittart's story before us, it appears that Manteuffel was actually and habitually cognizant of the abstraction of papers by these disgraceful means, and this miserable espionage formed part of his system." What a picture this is of the inner life of Royalty in Prussia!

PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM AT HOME.

We read in the *Builder:* "It will interest many of our readers to learn that the Princess Frederick William of Prussia sedulously cultivates her talents as an artist in her new home. The Princess makes practical use of her skill in drawing in the furnishing and decoration of her residence, and is having a studio fitted up in the new palace in Berlin. Her Royal Highness appears to be a great favorite, and many anecdotes are told to show her kindness. Shall we step out of our way to give one? At the last fair in Berlin, where every thing was to be bought that pleases young and old, there was one stall which was filled with things that are comforting and useful, such as felt shoes and slippers, worsted stockings, and woolen gloves. The Princess had been looking from the windows of the palace upon the various groups and knots of people in the fair, noting the harmony and contrasts of color with an artist's eye, when her attention was called to this stall, in which sat a lone woman to whom none went. The following day the same scene presented itself—the solitary figure and no customers. The Princess at last determined that there should be one customer, at any rate, and accordingly intimated that her pleasure was to walk. On reaching the bottom of the stairs she told the attendants that they could remain there while she advanced to the gate. Entering the stall, she asked the price of the contents; to which the woman replied that it would far exceed the purse of a young lady—it would amount to twenty-four thalers. The Princess had but twenty in her purse at the time, but the Prince luckily appeared in sight; four thalers were borrowed, and more old women than one made happy, for the contents of the stall were distributed as soon as bought. The story is told as characteristic of the kind heart of the English Princess."

DIVORCE IN PRUSSIA.

In Prussia clergymen frequently refuse to marry divorced persons, and these persons are consequently obliged to go into another state to be united. Recently a Prussian *gendarme* wanted to marry a divorced woman, and as the clergy of his native place refused to celebrate the ceremony he applied for leave of absence to go to Gotha to have it performed. In compliance, however, with the request of the clergy, his superiors refused leave. Thereupon the woman petitioned the Prince Regent, and his Royal Highness having caused inquiries to be made respecting her, from which it appeared that her divorce had not been caused by any fault of her own, ordered that a fortnight's leave should be given to him, and that it should be mentioned in the books that it was expressly accorded to enable him to marry.

GERMANY.

THE BLIND KING OF HANOVER.

The present King of Hanover is, as is well known, unfortunately blind. But the loss of the inestimable blessing of sight has, as is frequently the case, sharpened the other faculties to an extraordinary degree, and in the King it is especially manifest in the faculty of hearing. This sense is so acute that his Majesty is enabled, after listening attentively for a few moments to the performance of an orchestra, to say without hesitation the number of performers it contains; of course time being given for every instrument to be played in the overture or symphony selected as the experiment. The King, like most of the members of our royal family, is himself an accomplished musician.

ITALY.

THE POPE'S DEFENSE IN THE MORTARA CASE.

The *Giornale Officiale di Roma* at length contains a note, in reply to the indignant outcry of the Press of Europe against the abduction of the boy Mortara. This tardy manifesto of the Papal Court, instead of containing elaborate arguments, fortified by documents and precedents to justify the act, is nothing but a *jejune* indorsement of the bigoted doctrines of the *Univers*. The following is the whole of it:

"The *Univers* of October 24 publishes a long and learned article, by Father Gueranger, in which, *apropos* of an event which has led to much noise on the part of the irreligious press, it is demonstrated that *naturalism* has taken possession of most minds. It shows that many Christians, having lost the true spirit of the church to which they belong, manifest, on the contrary, great anxiety, not for the sovereign domination of Christ, of whom they are members by baptism, but *for the authority of the natural family;* not for the rights of the church, but for *the Pagan prejudices of modern society*, and those ideas of personal liberty which seem to them a conquest to which every thing else is to be sacrificed. They consent to look upon faith and Christian practices only through the perverted medium of naturalist prejudices."

The *Gazzetta del Popolo* publishes a private letter giving an account of the journey of young Mortara from Bologna to Rome, from which it appears that his conversion to Christianity is not by any means so far advanced as was pretended some time ago by an ultramontane paper. It is stated that the poor child did nothing but cry all the way, and call for his father and mother. The sergeant, under whose charge he was, having endeavored to force a chaplet into his hands with a little cross at the end, the boy did all he could to reject it, crying that he wanted the name of God, such as it is worn by other Jewish children. The father, in one of the visits which he was allowed to pay his son, told him of the hopes he had that the Pope would relent and restore the boy to his parents, at which the boy expressed the greatest joy. The letter concludes with an account of the journey of the father and mother to Rome, of the indignities they were exposed to in endeavoring to obtain audiences, and of the calumnies which had been studiously spread among the populace regarding them, viz., that it was their intention to go and murder their own child! in consequence of which their lives were in danger in passing through the streets of Alatri, whither the boy had been conveyed.

THE BOY STANCH IN HIS CREED.

The *Mercantile Courier* of Genoa contains some details of the visit of the parents of Mortara to Altara, and which ended in their not seeing their child, and being ordered from the town because they had no passports. On their return to Rome the Secretary of State promised that they should see the child. The mother has given an account of this interview. She says he was evidently struggling between fear of the people with whom he lived and his love for his parents; "but the latter at length prevailed, and he declared that he would return home with us. I told him he was born a Jew, and that, like us, he ought to persist in his faith." "Dear mother," he answered, "I repeat the creed of the Jews every day."

TORTURE AT NAPLES.

A Naples letter of the 26th October says: "On the evening of the 25th September a young workman in the manufactory on the Irno was barbarously murdered. For ten days the author of it was unknown; still, as the deceased was a nephew of a native of Potenza, domiciled in Salerno, a police spy, this man threw suspicion on two or three young men, fellow-workmen of the murdered man. Those persons were arrested the day before yesterday *per misure di polizia*, and though the proofs of their innocence were clear, the commissary of police determined to extort from them a confession of guilt, and in order to do so exposed them to the following trial: They were consigned to the executioner and a first sergeant of gendarmerie, called Vignes, who, after binding their hands, made them go round the courts of the prison, giving them at every two paces a blow on the shoulders with a 'bull's nerve,' or leathern strap armed with nails, repeating at every blow, 'Confess, carrion, or thus you shall die!' After having been beaten for half an hour, morning and evening, they were left half dead till the following morning. This barbarous treatment was repeated for three days, including the present. Their relatives have entreated the Archbishop of the Jesuits, the parish priests, and many others, to put an end to this pitiless barbarity, but in vain. It is in such a way that 'investigations' are conducted in this unhappy country."

DROLL RELIGIOUS RITES AT GENOA.

A singular specimen of the character of the religion professed by the inhabitants of the neighborhood and also of the town of Genoa, notorious for their fanaticism, was offered a few days ago at Arenzano, near the "Superb City." A religious fête, the Càsacci, is celebrated in that place by processions, in which the male population indulge in trials of strength: the man who can carry the longest a gigantic wooden crucifix is rewarded by general esteem, and takes the place of honor in the drinking bout which follows the match. After all the money collected for the celebration of the fête has been consumed in drink the crucifix is sold to the highest bidder, and the libations recommence with fresh vigor. The enlightened portion of the clergy endeavored to put an end to this disgraceful custom, and the curé of the place announced his intention of devoting the funds collected for the celebration of this year's fete (eight hundred francs) to the restoration of the church steeple, which is sadly in want of repair. This decision provoked the indignation of the people, who dispatched a deputation to the Archbishop of Genoa, in order to have the reforming curé called to his senses. But the Archbishop and the authorities of Genoa pronounced themselves completely in favor of the curé, and dismissed the deputation. The latter, on its return, excited the population to disorder, and the offending curé was beaten severely in the church, when about to read mass. The deputation has been marched off to prison in consequence.

RUSSIA.

THE CZAR AND HIS NOBILITY.

The Emperor Alexander has addressed the nobility at Moscow, or rather the nobility of the whole empire, in grave and severe terms, on the apathy they have displayed in reference to the abolition of serfdom. A deputation of the nobility of Moscow having been introduced to the Czar, in the Kremlin, he said that it was impossible to thank them for their co-operation. They had neither been the first, nor the second, nor the third, to answer to his appeal. This had grieved him profoundly. The eyes of Russia were, he said, fixed on Moscow. He asked them to give him the opportunity of defending them. "I am," he said, "attached to the nobility; but I desire the general good." A letter from St. Petersburg says it is evident that the nobility silently oppose the wishes of the Emperor. The people of Russia have an unbounded confidence in the Czar. This alone prevents a terrible outbreak.

INDIA.

A MORTARA CASE AT MADRAS.

The Madras *Athenæum* contains a report of a remarkable case tried in the Supreme Court of Madras on the 24th of September. A respectable native, of the Chetty caste, had a son who was being educated at Patchappah's School, a native educational institution. The son appears to have attended school for upward of a year, when, in some way or other, he was led to the Scottish Mission, and there requested to be instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. One of the missionaries appointed an instructor, and the youth appears to have gone to the Mission premises for a period of about three months. The boy's father then went on business to Pulicat, and the boy took the opportunity of running away from home to the Mission premises. He was received by the missionaries, and lived at the Missions. When the father returned he made inquiries and found where his son was. He instantly went to the Mission and applied for the restoration of his child. He was told by one of the missionaries that his son was at perfect liberty to go away if he chose to do so; but the son, on being appealed to, refused to accompany his father. The latter then obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the case was argued. The question for the court to consider was, whether the youth was of an age to act for himself. The father and other members of the family swore that the boy was a little over thirteen. The son swore that he believed himself to be sixteen, because his mother (who is now dead) had told him that he was sixteen. The judges decided that the weight of evidence was that the boy was fourteen, and that the father was entitled to the custody of the child, observing that the court had nothing to do with the question of religion which was mixed up in the case. After the delivery of the judgment the father approached his son in a supplicating attitude, and with tears in his eyes asked him to come home. The boy remained firmly seated in his chair, and refused to move. Two officers of the court were ordered to assist the father in carrying off the refractory youth, who then declared that he feared ill-usage. The Chief Justice informed him that if he received any ill-treatment he might apply to the court for protection. The boy then quietly walked away with his father.

A PARSEE CLUB.

The Bombay *Times* has the following: "We understand that a club has been formed by several Parsee gentlemen—the head-quarters being a garden near the Gowalia Tank—with the view of affording their wives the privilege of mixing in the society of males. It is a *sine qua non* for each member of the club to be present with his wife. Before their evening meals the individuals composing the little interesting party, mixing promiscuously among themselves, take an airing along the garden walks, and probably fancy themselves strolling in the bowers of Elysium for the while. While at their meals, no scrupulous restraint crosses the gentle flow of witticisms and harmless repartees; and the members separate after an evening's rational amusement."

THE FALKLAND ISLES.

A MODEL COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.

The Falkland Islands contain a population of only *twenty-seven*, men, women, and children, and yet the British Parliament lately passed the following salary appropriations to the officers of the colony: Governor, £800 per annum; magistrate, £400; chaplain, £400; surgeon, £400; surveyor-general, £300; first clerk and acting colonial secretary, £300; second clerk, £150; clerk to stipendary magistrate, £96; school-master, £82; magistrate's department, £192; total, £2836 a year. It is understood that all the salaries are pocketed by three or four persons.

ST. DOMINGO.

A DROLL STORY OF THE NEGRO EMPEROR.

The *Chronique Parisienne* contains the following facetious story: "The Emperor, Faustin I., who imitates France in all things, and has, like her, princes, marshals, dukes, counts, colleges, and universities, recently resolved to establish an academy of forty members, like the world-renowned French Academy. But it was not easy to select the forty, every inhabitant of the empire who could write his own name thinking himself qualified. So his Majesty decreed that 3000 of his subjects, who possessed the reputation of being the most lettered of all, should, on a given day, assemble at his palace and be subjected to a literary test. When they were collected he announced that the test was the writing of the word *citron*, and that those who made no error in the spelling should be members of the Academy. Pens, ink, and paper were brought; each of the 3000 people wrote the word, and the judges of the land and the bench of bishops were charged to examine the 3000 papers. They proclaimed that 39 only of the candidates had written the word correctly—that is, with a C, the remaining 2961 having used an S. 'Only thirty-nine!' cried the Emperor, 'and we want forty. Well, I will be the fortieth member myself.' 'Sire,' cried the judges, 'your Majesty will no doubt deign to submit to the test?' 'Of course,' exclaimed Faustin; and in a large, bold hand he wrote Xitron with an X. The judges looked puzzled for a moment, and then, after glancing at each other, proclaimed that his Majesty had passed triumphantly through the ordeal. The Emperor was thereupon proclaimed, amidst the enthusiasm of the assemblage, a member of the Academy. 'And I will be perpetual secretary, too,' added his Imperial Majesty, with pardonable vanity."

MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF PRIESTLY DESPOTISM.

The following anecdote is from the *Herald* correspondence: "During religious processions nowadays it is not safe to stand up in the streets. Every one is expected to kneel down in the presence of the imageries that are carried at the heads of processions. The other day a procession was moving by one of our public houses, the doors of which were crowded with spectators, most of whom kneeled, but two remained standing, paying, as they thought, due respect to a ceremony they did not believe in, by taking off their hats. A priest at the head of the procession ordered them to kneel, with a vehemence that more became an enraged negro driver in ordering slaves than the Christian expostulation of an apostle of Jesus Christ. The standing gentlemen not falling down like vassels, the priest violently shook a massive golden cross to heaven, and after calling down anathemas upon their heads, in the name of Jesus Christ declared them excommunicated. This operation caused the whole procession to stop, and created a scandal before a multitude of people most disagreeable to the two gentlemen, whose modesty and good manners would have forced them even to kneel in a public street in presence of a religious procession, rather than to have been made the objects of so much disagreeable attention. This is the first time in many years that the priests have dared to go so far, and if this act be sanctioned by the government, as it must be, from the fact that now the clergy are the government, may we not be alarmed at their audacity, and justly fear that they are not idly talking when they speak of the restoration of the Inquisition?"

DARLING DORA M'ILVAINE.

THE rain fell softly on the grass,
Ah me! the summer rain;
I waited for the storm to pass,
The sun to shine again;
Ah me! the treacherous rain:
Will the sun e'er shine again?

While I stood beneath the shed,
Listening to each pattering drop,
Wondering when the clouds o'erhead
Would think it time to stop,
I saw her running down the lane,
Flying from the summer rain.

Saw who? Why, Dora M'Ilvaine!
Woe is me! that fatal day,
Watching in the summer rain
For the storm to pass away.
Years will glide too slowly by
Ere I lose that memory.

Darling Dora M'Ilvaine;
Seven minutes by the clock
Did I beg, and beg in vain,
For one single chestnut lock:
Dora, Dora; 'twas to me
All of an eternity!

I have seen some maidens fair
Skilled to win a trusting heart,
I have seen some chestnut hair
Braided with a wondrous art:
Chestnut hair and hazel eyes
Is not where the magic lies.

Never, till that summer day,
As I watched the falling rain,
Had I seen that little fay,
Darling Dora M'Ilvaine;
Never since that summer rain
Heard of Dora M'Ilvaine.

Love is counted not by years,
Dora, Dora; well we know
Lovers' vows and lovers' tears
Are the things of long ago.
In these fast magnetic times
Dallying love is worst of crimes.

Twenty golden minutes fly
While she made my soul rejoice
With the laughter of her eye,
With the music of her voice;
Hazel eyes and teeth of pearl,
Dora was a pretty girl.

Dora was but sweet thirteen,
Half a woman, half a child,
Childlike grace and haughty mien,
Free and guarded, coy and wild;
Such a winsome woman fay
Never saw I till that day.

Dora! time and space has passed,
I shall never see thee more;
When our lots in life were cast
We were placed on either shore.
Never shall we meet again,
Darling Dora M'Ilvaine!

A STREET IN NAPLES.

ONCE I was a boy in Naples. How I got there, I can hardly tell you. But being, at an age when most boys are conning Cæsar and the Analecta Majora, thrown upon my own resources in Europe, and fairly provided with money, I drifted to Naples, as chips and refuse drift naturally to the fairest sand-beach in their vicinity. When I arrived in that magnificent city the Custom-house seized my trunks; a friend, ripe in official experience, warned me that a *scudo* was the solution of the problem; I gave it cheerfully (no one grudges money but those who work hard for it), and took my first lesson in life *à la Napolitaine*. I pitched my tent on the Largo di Castello, within hearing of the grand music at the San Carlo, and within sight of the dear old bay.

It does not cost much to live at Naples. At one time when I was there—consider, good reader, that I was but sixteen at the time, and had, for all means, the usual allowance of a Paris student, say $500 a year, with occasional presents at New Year and so forth—I had four full-grown men-servants and two horses. My major-domo was a Swiss, who received a dollar a day for his services; the others divided between them another dollar. Once or twice, meeting Americans there, I was ashamed of my equipage and suite, as unbecoming one so young and a student; but Guillaume, my major-domo, was not to be convinced. Monsieur might do as he liked. Monsieur might clean his boots if he wished, said the Swiss, little thinking that that operation was quite familiar to me as to most students. But if Monsieur wanted to see Naples, and not lose his time and his money, Monsieur must not interfere with his (Guillaume's) arrangements. The discussion invariably ended in my acquiescence in the *statu quo*, and on the day following I found my retinue increased by a small boy or a flower-girl. Had I persisted, Guillaume would have impressed a regiment into my service.

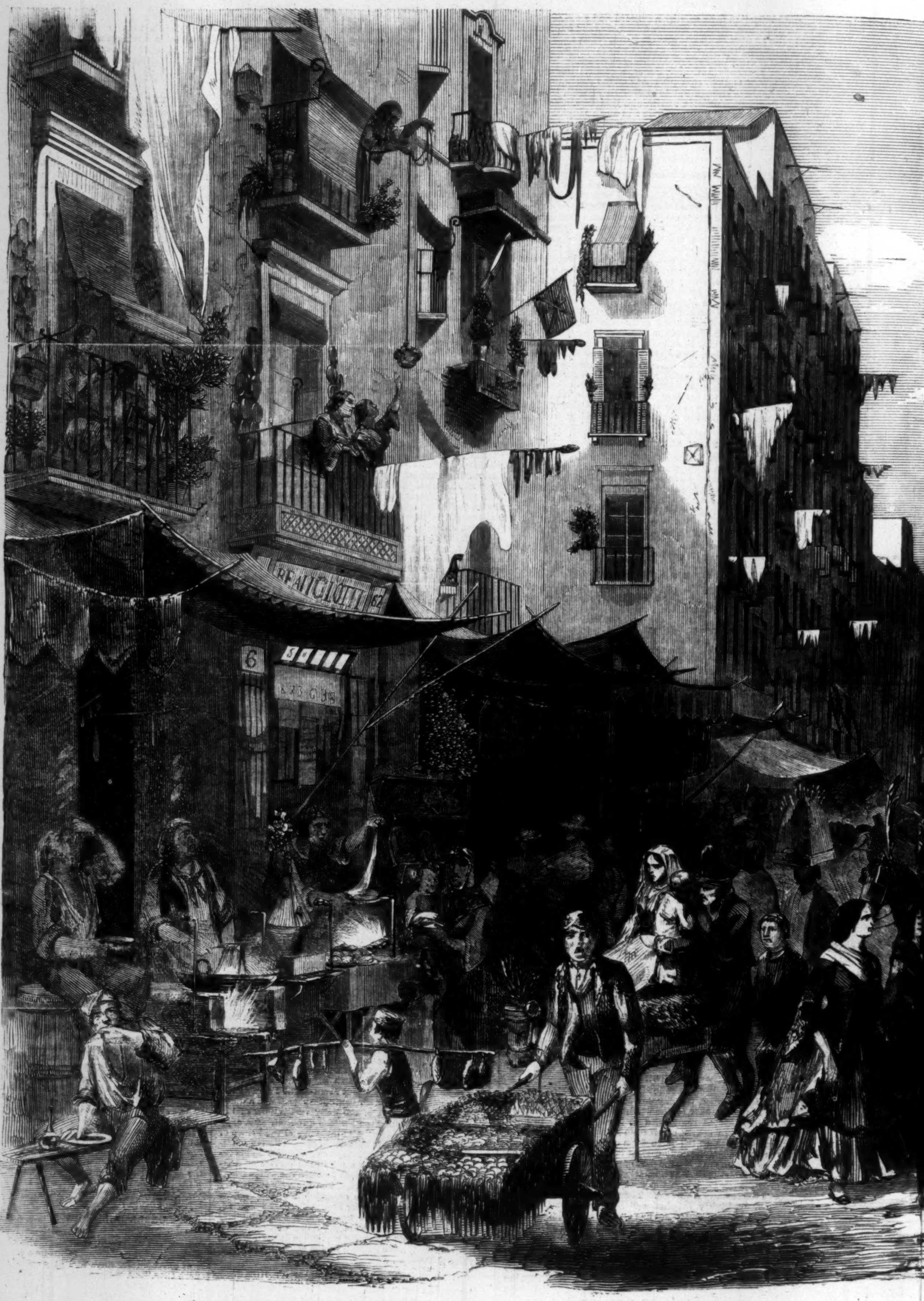
Those were the days of Neapolitan tranquillity; before the régime of spies and *sbirri*; before the era of priestly despotism; before regal aristocracy culminated; before the outbreak of 1848. Naples was a pleasant place in those times. And many a happy day did I spend there, driving over the country from Virgil's tomb to Baiæ, from Sorrento to Pæstum, up the Vesuvius, round the bay, and away through the Solfatara into the depths of the caverns where dogs and men so often breathe their last breath.

Pleasantest of all jaunts was the evening walk into the great streets—Chiaja, or Toledo, or del Porto—to watch the singular people of Naples come out of their daylight holes, and earn or spend their scanty livelihood. In an early number of this journal we described a street scene in Naples; the accompanying picture illustrates it well. In the words of one who knew the place by heart:

> "Every trade under the sun is carried on in the open street. There are shoemakers and tailors at their benches; scribes inditing love-letters for amorous swains; begging monks proving clearly that all who do not give them a carline will be served up hot in another world; women plucking poultry or cleaning vegetables; quack doctors forcing their panaceas down the throats of peasants from the Abruzzi; cooks roasting and frying at great fires on the sidewalk; mothers combing their children's hair, or turning them up and whipping them; old women on crutches singing airs from Lucia, and old men reciting Ariosto with much fervor; water-sellers bawling iced water; pious minstrels playing doleful bagpipes under a statue of the Virgin; Sicilian girls dancing the tarantella with uncommon vigor; friars roaring that they only want a *gran* more to save a soul from hell; boys fighting for water-melons; exchange tables loaded with copper; lemonade stands surmounted by triumphal arches, bedizened with gold paper and wreaths of flowers; macaroni-dealers ladling huge masses of the smoking delicacy out of caldrons, and beseeching the crowd not to let it cool; more monks, tinkling little bells, and knocking Punch and the conjurer over as they hurry past with a dead man; ladies in Parisian dresses, peasant girls in scarlet rags; lazzaroni in every corner, lying, crouching, squatting, running, sleeping, laughing, fighting, picking pockets; and an array of carriages, corricoli, omnibuses, cavaliers, tearing and dashing along at a furious rate, as though collisions were impossible and bones could not be broken."

Not the least interesting of the Neapolitan street gentry are the singers. An eminent composer, who happens at present to be traveling through Italy, draws the following picture of one of these juvenile vocalists:

> "I missed hearing a note of one of my half-penny ballads in Naples, and was repaid by three shouting to a guitar, close to the gates of Pompeii!—the singer being a square, beardless boy—with hungry eyes and a violent *alto* voice, who seemed determined to deliver "Santa Luci-â!" in a tone as *fortissimo* as possible. In what place—at what time, could one more earnestly court silence, than after a first visit to Pompeii? The most perverse, the most ignorant of human beings can hardly issue thence without feelings in which impression amounting to emotion and a yearning desire to retain what has been looked on—take part. But that square boy's violent singing stopped my way. In spite of the spell of the City of the Dead, in spite of impatience to break through the crowd of crippled, leprous, blear-eyed beggars, who encircle one there with a hideous net—I could not choose but listen. Violent as the voice was, it was an *alto* of the best quality, which adolescence might change into a base as weighty and sweet as Lablache's, were it not hacked and strained at the gates of Pompeii. There was no elegance, no expression; and yet there was that '*non soche*' of time, accent, and motion, which betokens a happy southern, musical organization. Bad it was—the music flimsy—the occasion worse than impertinent: yet, with my head full of newer impressions, I have that square boy's song in my ears at the moment of writing—a day and a half after undergoing it."



STRADA DEL PO

T4FG2G:

A DETECTIVE EXPERIENCE.

I THINK it's best, since the story I am to tell is like to be a long one, to work as close as I can to the facts. It is the longest case I ever was on, and one of the sharpest, and if I can remember to stick to my text, and not go cruising round from Dan to Jericho—or Beersheba, one of the two—I think I can make out a story that you won't get tired listening to. Some of my friends tell me a good parson was lost to the world when I turned policeman. Well, anyhow, here's a straight yarn *this* time, if I know how to spin it, and I'll do my best, I promise you.

It happened in the winter of 185–,—a desperate cold winter, as perhaps you may remember—that there were so many burglaries down town, and so much complaint about the "inefficiency of the police"—that used to be the cry—that the Chief put some of us "specials" at work on regular night duty. There were several squads, five picked men in each, under the command of a sergeant, and our duties were to see that the patrolmen kept their beats, for one thing; but mainly to try to nab some party of burglars at work—catch enough to frighten the rest. I tell *you*, it was cold work! I often thought that I should like to haul one of those old grumblers that was always complaining about the inefficiency of the police out of his bed, where he'd be all cuddled up under the blankets, and start him out on a beat in a northeaster. Guess *he'd* step into a cellar, once in a while, for a hot "tod" *too*. It's such a deal easier to find fault, with the thermometer at "temperate," than to do patrol duty at "twenty degrees below."

Speaking of "hot tod," though, I'd rather have hot *coffee* any time—and that brings me back to the story, with a short turn, and "sarve me right."

My party was out one night—a little, fine, tingling snow blowing like old Bor'as himself—and we'd just been together into Mike's for some coffee—he kept near the foot of Warren then—and we'd coaxed him to keep open for us that night. We came out together, and was just a-going to scatter round a little, when, looking up street, I saw a gas-light stop flickering, and gradually go out. I knew that meant mischief, so I sent three men round the blocks into Chambers Street, to come out above and head off the rascals, and I and the rest of us sneaked up, quietly, right toward 'em. We met the patrolman on the way—the thieves had followed him, and turned off the gas right behind his back—and we told him to follow us. We worked along slowly, to give the other men time to get round, and came smack upon the villains, all seven of us together, including the patrolman, just as they were about to enter a large silk-house—wholesale—on business. The fellows saw there was no use making a muss, at least, I mean they appeared to think so; but just as we were a-going to march them off, one of them gave a yell, and they all made a dash to get off. Only one got loose, however, and as the man that had him made a rush at him with his "billy," the villain turned on him, and gave him a sudden blow with something that *cut;* we could hear the dull *gash* into poor Kinner's body. I don't suppose you ever heard *that* sound. Well, in the rush that followed, the other prisoners struggled like good uns, but they couldn't get out of it; but Leon—that was the name of the man that gave the blow; Kinner said he knew him—he got off, running like a deer; and I after him. The storm was so furious, though, that I couldn't keep him in sight; and I couldn't track him, for the wind swept the pavement clean of snow. I beat the alarm as I went along, and hoped some patrolman would stop him; but after running a dozen blocks, without seeing a single patrolman, I concluded that it was useless to try that chase any further, in the teeth of a northeast snow-storm, and though I was sorry to give it up, I had to let him go. I went then right to the City Hall, and there I found the rest of my party; prisoners safe; but poor Kinner—they'd brought him in half dead, with a horrid gash down his left cheek and neck! The blood was flowing—well, I'll skip that. He was attended to, of course.

Now you may bet that we were bound to catch this Leon—Louis Leon, he was called—a French rascal, a regular galley-bird; he'd lived and worked in London some time, and had been in this country several years, and had always been lucky, never caught, though we all had been on the look-out for him. Kinner had spotted him once at the races, from a description. Now Kinner was a first-rate fellow, and we vowed we'd revenge him, swore we'd have Leon, dead or alive, before Kinner got well.

I won't take time to go into details; but we "turned up" every "crib" in town where we thought there was any chance of finding him, and spent two weeks, three of us, doing our best.

One morning we were sitting over the fire at the Hall, talking over the matter, when one of the men says to the other,

"I say, John, you remember how them two fellows tried to get away with a rush that night when we were fetching 'em in? Well, one of 'em, just as they started, sung out to the other, '*Current wheat!*' or something that sounded like that. Did you hear it?"

"Yes," says John; "I remember hearing 'em say something in Dutch or French, but I didn't think any thing more of it, because I didn't understand what they meant. Sergeant [turning to me], you've been across the pond: did you ever hear any lingo that sounded like that?"

I'd been trying to think, from the moment I first heard them repeat the words. The "wheat" sounded Frenchy to me, and presently *huit* came into my head; and then the "current" changed into *quarante*.

"Listen, boys!" said I. "Was it any thing like this?" and I gave them "*quarante huit!*" quick and loud.

"*That's* it!" say they; "that's it, exactly! What does it mean?"

"Well," says I, "that's French for *forty-eight;* and, if it means any thing, it means that this is the number of some den where they were to meet if they got away."

Number 48 was tried pretty thoroughly for some days, but no luck. You see we didn't have to search 48 Fifth Avenue, nor 48 Madison Square; we knew what streets to look in. Well, after 48 was served out, all there was left of that guess was to turn it round and make 84 of it, and try that. We had felt sure, all along, that Leon was too "fly" to live at any common resort of "cracksmen." We should have to look for him in some quiet place—perhaps in a very respectable neighborhood. We had tried the 48 in many streets where you wouldn't think of looking for a thief. Well, the long and the short of it is, that at 84—call it Yellow Street; there may be respectable people living there now—we found a house that answered our purpose. Our way was to make inquiries of the right kind of people in the neighborhood—old women, for example—as to whether that house was to rent, who lived there, etc.; different questions, you know, to different folks, as the Yankee peddler said when he was asked what prices he got for his clocks: "Different prices," said he, "according as I find fools." We found out, from these inquiries, that the parties that lived in that house—no one knew their names—went in and out at all times, day and night, but especially at night; that there was an old man and a young man and a woman living there, besides boarders or visitors.

It would take too long for me to tell how we made sure that Leon lived there. It is enough to say that a journeyman tailor (one of our men) hired a room across the way, and settled the matter in less than three days. We found out that Leon was at home one night, and three of us made them a visit. It was rather too bad to get into a burglar's house with skeleton keys, but we did; we got in, found Leon asleep with his woman, and the old man—the girl's father—in the next room. I turned my dark-lantern full in his face, and, says I,

"Wake up, my boy! Some friends come to see you!"

He turned over, wide awake in an instant, and he knew us. I can't give his words, for they were a strange mixture of French and English; but the amount of it was that his fate had come at last, and he might as well give up to it peaceably. The woman got up and sat on the bed crying; the old man was secured, and one of my men was searching the house while Leon dressed.

"Vill you 'ave some eau de vie?" said he; "some good brandy, mon ami?"

"No, I thank you," said I.

"Bien! but you will smoke the *cigar* vit me. I get you one tres bon cigar!" and he went to his closet. Lucky for me that I tip-toed behind him. I was just in time to see him reach out his hand for a revolver that lay on the shelf, when I brought my "billy" down *whack* on his arm, just above the elbow, and broke it. What with his pain and the surprise, and his anger at having his pretty little plan spoiled, his face *wasn't* particularly amiable when he turned round on me. I asked him afterward if he intended to shoot me?

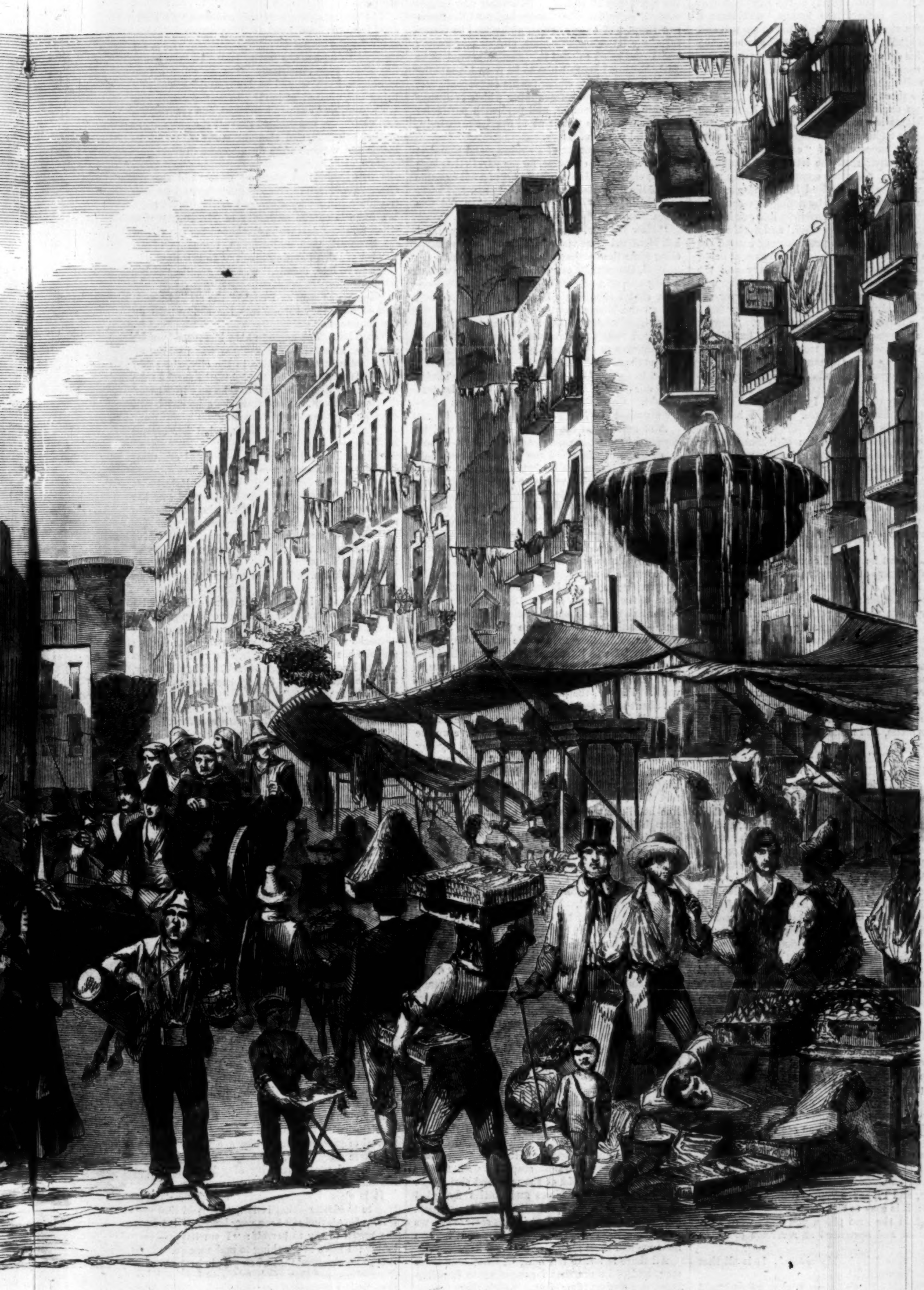
"Certainment, mon ami," said he; "of course I shoot you, to get avay."

After this little affair we got our prisoners off to the station-house quietly enough, though the young woman wept some—and a surgeon was sent for to mend my rough work. The house was searched, with no results, except some jewelry that, I believe, was recognized by a lady up town; but on searching Leon there were found some documents that proved to be of considerable value.

If you please, I'll light a fresh cigar—not one of the Leon brand—and give you the rest of the story. If I'm not mistaken, the best of it is to come.

In the collar of Leon's coat we found two papers. One was a small piece, old and dirty, containing the address of a house or store, some kind of place, in a street in Philadelphia: I knew it was there, for I recognized the name of the street—I've lived there. It had been so long between the folds of the cloth that the perspiration had soaked into it.

The other paper was a letter, written on very thin paper—a half sheet—and was tucked in on the other side of the collar, opposite the place where I found the address. This piece had evi-



POITO, AT NAPLES.

dently been just sewed in. Here it is—see what you can make of it:

"3 — k1bh — m45 — h4 — r3bq — r4f — y2 — 1 — s44q — t4fg2 — q21x2f, ht2 — f3sth — y1b. = 3 — k1bh — 1 — *c13f*, & — 1 — x21q2f, h4 — y1w2 — 1 — h21y — 4r — *htf22*. = H4 — qf3j2 — 3b — *5xgh2f P45bhm*. = 3 — gt1xx — n2 — 3b — h4kb — 3b — htf22 — k22wg. = Kf3h2 — h4 — y2 — kt2f2 — h4 — y22h — t3y.

"1qqf2gg — T2bfm — X1b32f, X1bg3bsn5fst."

It *is* all Greek to you, I presume; but it is easy enough to make it out if you go to work in the right way. Now such puzzles always please me. If I had thought that the letter contained nothing worth knowing I should have tried to understand it, just for the fun of it. As it was, for both reasons I went to work, and could read it all in about two hours.

It isn't any-thing to boast of, though; for the cipher is perfectly simple. It didn't take an extra smart head to plan *that* out. I've *seen* puzzlers, though—some that took all my spare time for weeks.

You think it doesn't look easy? Why, just look here: See the number of *figures* there are, and notice, too, that 5 is the highest. Now there isn't a word, even the shortest, but what has a figure in it; some more than one. And now tell me what five different letters there are in the alphabet, one of which *must* be in every syllable. "The *vowels*," of course. And so you see what a *start* we have: a—1, e—2, i—3, o—4, u—5; and one or more of these in *every word*.

If you like I'll give you an idea of how I went on. It won't take long to show you how to begin; and the farther you get the easier it grows.

Printers say that *e* is the commonest letter in the language. Now look through and see how many 2's there are. Don't that help prove that my first guess about the vowels was a good one?

Now, in the next place, *the* is the commonest *word* in the language, and we have learned the last letter of it—it's a "2." So let's see if we can find any word of three characters ending in 2.

There's only one, and that's in the second line—"ht2." Strange, rather, that there's no more; but business men often leave out short words. This is a "the," we may be sure; for no one could well write a letter without at least *one* "the;" and as this is the only combination of the kind, and as it ends in e (2), why, this *must* be "the." So *h* stands for *t*, and *t* for *h*: at least, this is a fair guess, and we can prove it by substitution.

Now *th* is a common combination at the beginning and end of words. Let's see if we can find an *ht* any where. The first one we come to is "htf22." Now substitute, and leave out the *f*, and we have *th.ee*; and you can't *help* putting an *r* in the vacancy, and making *three* of it. So we learn that *f* stands for *r*.

Very well. Now we have a, e, i, o, u, t, h, and r; and we can use these to find more. Let's look for a word with one or more of these in it.

There's one in the second line, "f3sth," in which the *s* is the only one we don't know. Substituting, and leaving out *s*, we have ri.ht. Isn't this *right*, plain enough? And so *s* stands for *g*.

One link more in the chain! Read along till you come to "s44q," which equals *goo.*, or, fuller, *good*. Easy, you see. Well, since *q* stands for *d*, that's an important gain, for there are a great many *d*'s in words. You can find plenty of them in this letter.

Now, besides the vowels, we have the letters which stand for t, h, r, g, and d. With these you can go on, and make out the rest without any trouble.

The letter amounts to this: Henry Lanier, of Lansingburg, wants Leon to find for him "the right man," of whom to buy a *pair* of matched horses, and a leader, so that he can make a team of *three*. He wants them to use in *Ulster County*. Lastly, he says he is coming to New York in three weeks, and asks Leon to write to him, appointing a meeting somewhere with the horse-dealer.

Perhaps you think that I didn't get paid for my trouble, deciphering this letter. Well, you may think differently, after you have heard me through.

Mr. Lanier, to whose remarkable ingenuity we owe this doubly mysterious letter, thought himself *very* smart, undoubtedly; he didn't imagine that any one, even with the letter deciphered, could understand *his* game. But he betrays himself, in this way: The words "pair," "three," and "Ulster County" are underscored in the original; but of what use to emphasize them? Why not say that he wanted to buy three good horses; and, especially, of what possible use can it be to add that the horses are to be used in *Ulster County?* Moreover, why write an ordinary business letter about buying horses in *cipher?*

The mystery of all this is more easily understood by me than it would be by you; for I happen to know, as do the police generally, and many outside of the police, that "horses" is the "flash" term for *counterfeit bills*. So then, my translation of the strange letter is, that Mr. Henry Lanier, of Lansingburg—a noted resort of counterfeiters by-the-way—wants to meet a party in New York who will get up for him the plates from which to print counterfeits on the Ulster County Bank, and I suspect, from his emphasis of "pair" and "three," that he wants the denominations of 2's and 3's.

Now it is desirable that this horse-trade be interfered with. We can easily prevent the success of this particular plan; but this is not enough. We want to catch Lanier and his gang—for there are always several of them working together; and we want, besides and particularly, to catch them in such a way that we can *prove* them counterfeiters, and place them where they can do no more injury to the public.

My plan to accomplish this—a plan which was approved by the authorities—was to induce Leon to reply to Lanier, informing him that "the right man" would meet him at a place named, and would deal with him personally, "no third parties or go-betweens," on this business. I proposed to personate one of the "horse-dealing" fraternity; to work for him in procuring plates, and to lead him just far enough to make him indictable and convictable as a maker of counterfeit money; and *then* to nab him and as many more as I could entangle with him.

You doubt the *fairness* of the plan. Well, it *is* a debatable question; but you remember the "bogus baby case"—Mrs. Cunningham's "blessed baby"—which was managed by the District Attorney; that is *authority* for this kind of cheating.

My plan was a good one, though I say it; but would Leon help me in the first step, namely, writing to Lanier to come and meet "the right man?" He might and he mightn't; probably the latter. However, I could only try him, and I did. By this time he had taken rooms at the Egyptian Hotel, commonly called "the Tombs," and there I made him a visit. He seemed glad to see me, and talked as kindly with me as if I had not been the cause of his carrying his right arm in a sling.

"I'm sorry I had to do it," said I.

"It is all right," he replied; "if you not break the arm, I shoot you, *sure!*"

After an exchange of compliments, he praising my pluckiness in arresting him, and I, in return, doing justice to his acknowledged character as being the most successful of "cracksmen," I told him of my having read the letter, and hinted at having Lanier & Co. more completely in my power than was true. I advised him to shorten his own term of imprisonment by acting as our decoy-duck in bringing the counterfeiters into our hands.

"Now," said I, "*you're* 'foul,' and nothing but 'squeaking' on them can prevent your having the extreme penalty of the law. You're sure of being convicted on both counts, the burglary and the assault with intent to kill, and together they will send you up (to Sing Sing) for a century or so; and besides, we've got the Lansingburg gang 'foul,' *too;* we've surrounded them completely. Now, it will give us some trouble to get them, but if you will help us, it will *save* us trouble, and, in return, we'll do all we can to shorten your time."

His black eyes glistened as he looked up in reply:

"I have my character! I *never* 'squeak!' You catch Lanier how you please. *Moi*, I hold my *honneur!*"

It was a capital illustration of "honor among thieves." I couldn't but admire his principles; and I couldn't stir him, not an inch. Arguments, inducements, promises, were all thrown away, and I left him a little disheartened. Leon had made up his mind to endure his imprisonment to the uttermost minute, and would have staid in prison for the remainder of his life rather than expose his friends.

Well, I went home and considered. I smoked a bunch of cigars over my considerations, and they seemed like to *end* in smoke, when, on feeling in my vest pocket for a match—I am careless enough to carry them there—I pulled out a little dirty scrap of paper, which, on being opened, proved to be *that address*—one of the papers I found in Leon's coat collar. I had forgotten it entirely; but here it was, and I brightened up at once with an indefinite assurance that this would help me somehow. The more I looked at it the more I feared that its evident age would make it worthless; and yet I knew I should not rest satisfied till I had turned over this stone, and made the most of what might be under it.

So down to Philadelphia by next train: find the place—French milliners: go to a Philadelphia detective, an old friend, and inquire about them: he says they haven't been "spotted:" I tell him of my job, and what I want: my plan, to enter their store without their knowledge, if possible, and see what there is to be seen: he agrees to help: watch the place: on Sunday, when they are gone to mass—store locked—we get in by back-door: examine thoroughly: find, in a box in the cellar, silks, ribbons, laces that my friend pronounces stolen, the description of just such goods having been left with the police: he is *positive* that these are stolen: overhaul their writing-desk—lock a simple one—secret drawer, of course: find *letters from Leon*, addressed to *his* "*dear sisters:*" that's enough: have got the sisters under my thumb, and a new hold on Leon: my friend promises to keep mum for a while: I take the ambrotypes of the milliners, which I find on their table, and one of the letters; and—back to New York next morning.

Now I repeat my visit to Leon.

"My good friend," I say, "do you recognize these pictures, these letters?"

"*Mon Dieu! mes sœurs!* How you get these? What have they done? *Sacré nom de Dieu!* What is all this? *Tell* me, my friend!"

This was just what I wanted.

"Well, Leon," said I, "you see that your good luck has left you. I've 'got you foul,' every way. I've been through your sisters' place in Philadelphia, and have got *them* under my thumb. Their fate depends on you. Now let's make a bargain. You serve me, and I'll serve you. Will you talk?"

"Yes; it is easy to talk."

"Well, in the first place, you don't want your sisters tried and sentenced as receivers of stolen goods—"

"No! *Mon Dieu!* My *sisters!* It is all that I have in the world!"

"Well," said I; and then I went on and told him the whole story, from finding the address in his collar to searching his sisters' premises.

"D—n it!" says he, "I had been lucky so long that I had grown careless. I had forgotten that the address was left there."

"Now," said I, "you see that I have them in such a way that I can hold them or let them go. Which shall I do?"

He said nothing for a few minutes; then,

"I agree!" says he. "You give me your word not to do harm to my sisters, and I give you Lanier."

"Very well," said I; and we shook hands over the bargain. As he was rather particular, I went so far as to kiss the Book with him.

And now, by your leave, I will try to bring my story to an end.

Leon's letter to Lanier was written on a scrap of paper—the fly-leaf of a book—in pencil, and amounted to this, as near as I can remember:

"*Tombs.* I'm caught at last; but did your errand before I got nabbed. On the 13th, at eight in the evening, corner of Broadway and Canal, lower, west, 'the right man' will wait for you: short man, light, drab hat with a weed, dark clothes, spotted cravat: sign—you say 'Montreal'—he, 'Canada.' He is A 1 on horses. This is mailed by a sure hand. Good luck. Can't write more.

"L. L."

This was written in cipher, like the other. Leon assured me that Lanier did not know his handwriting, and that the cipher would convince him that the letter was all right. I felt rather scary about sending it, fearing that Lanier had read the newspaper report of Leon's arrest, and would be doubtful of my letter's genuineness, and so keep away; but I concluded to send it. Lanier proved to be just the man I judged him to be from his making use of such a simple cipher for his correspondence; he had that second-rate cunning which is always planning and scheming, and paid such particular attention to little things as to overlook, entirely, the grand points of a risk.

I was at the corner of Broadway and Canal at the time, dressed, of course, for my part in the play; and at eight, precisely, a little bit of a fellow came out of the drug-store, and ran up to me.

"Hullo! Charley," says he, "when did you leave *Montreal?*"

"How are you?" says I; "glad to see you. I left Montreal three weeks ago, but I've been traveling some time since then in *Canada* West."

Well, the result of our conversation—and we had a long one, at a private room in an eating-house—was, that I should get him two plates—2's and 3's, on the Ulster County Bank—he to meet me every few weeks, to see if the engraving suited him, and to pay the current expenses. I was a journeyman in an engraving office, and could get up just the nicest kind of plates. Of course I didn't forget to speak of Leon, and to congratulate Lanier that our matter had been settled before he was caught. I needn't go into particulars; but I flatter myself that I left nothing undone.

And now began the work. I tried at various engravers to find the necessary "rollers"—I don't know as you understand the process of bank-note engraving; if you don't, it's really too late now to go through all that—and, as I expected, the most desirable rollers were in the hands of the most honest engravers. I had to prove to them who I was before I could get what I wanted, but when they understood what lay I was on, they were very glad to help me. I got just the patterns I wanted and a good man to work for me. At the end of three weeks I met Lanier again and showed him my progress, and he paid me down the first installment of the necessary funds. So it went on, slowly, for nearly three months—note engraving is slow work—Lanier more and more pleased as the job went on. Another man came with him, sometimes, and I was introduced to a third who lived in the city, and I found out all sorts of news, a little at a time, news that I made good use of afterward. Finally, the plates were completed, and I got about six thousand dollars' worth struck off to be ready for a last meeting when our little arrangement was to terminate, and I was to give up the plates and the six thousand, and receive my pay in full. The meeting was to be at the rooms of Green, Lanier's city friend. He had rooms in a lodging-house in Frankfort Street. I had been told that I might meet some ladies—which I didn't like at all, but couldn't well object to—and true enough I found two there, Green's wife and Lanier's mistress. Quite a nice little party we made, Green, Lanier, and Farley—who came with Lanier from Lansingburg, and myself and the two ladies. Four gentlemen who had not been invited were waiting outside to come in—four good fellows, all ready for my signal. Well, as soon as I had passed over the plates and bills, and got my pay, we sat down to supper, and a jolly one it was. As it was to be the last my friends would have in some time as good I let them enjoy it, and I was the more willing since the mixture of brandy and roast duck, and Champagne, and oysters, and claret, and brandy again, and so on, was making my men an easier prey. It was a very miscellaneous kind of a supper, in dishes, glasses, and manners. The women got as merry as a fiddler's elbow; Mrs. Green even admitted to me, very confidentially, that she really didn't know whether she was "afoot or a-horseback." It was a wild kind of a time, I tell you.

But what a change came over the spirit of that dream when I quietly unlocked the door and in walked my waiting friends! I won't attempt to describe the scene. You may imagine men red with liquor turning pale with fright, dropping their glasses and staggering to their feet, eyes staring, jaws dropped, almost stupefied with terror: women clutching hold of the men and shrieking: and then, oaths and blows and bottles flying—I got this cut over my eye in that scrimmage—and a general row-de-dow. But it was soon over; we were too many for them; and in less than half an hour we had them all under lock and key.

All there is left to tell now, is, that those three men, and one more that I caught up to Lansingburg, are now at Sing Sing. Leon's there too.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was eight o'clock of an evening toward the end of July—a July long, long ago. The sun was sending in his westering rays at the windows of a substantial-looking house, the country residence of a professional gentleman, whose head-quarters were in Edinburgh. It was known as Clydeview Villa, and the locality in which it stood was somewhat famed.

The drawing-room fronted the west, and the blinds were all down. The children were all in bed. Jeanie Miller, or "Miller," as Mrs. Black—since she had been rising in the world—called her children's nurse, had heard them lisp their evening-prayer, and received the last sweet kiss, wondering, in her simplicity, that Mrs. Black did not like to do this office for her children herself.

It must be acknowledged that, on this particular evening, Miller rather hurried the ceremony—she had an engagement too—and she moved about on tiptoe, putting on her bonnet and shawl before all the weary little creatures had fairly closed their eyelids; but down they went at last in the sleep of childhood, and a regiment might have marched through the room without awaking the little sleepers.

The moment they were safe and sound she hastened from the house, and, striking across the fields, made for the corner of a fir-plantation, where, for nearly half an hour, a young man had been hanging about very impatient. For no other person would he have waited so long, and he was any thing but pleased at having to wait for this one. He had walked back and forward, and scanned the earth and sky, and decided that all the gates about needed painting, and thought many other things better and worse, before Jeanie came in sight.

Now, although she had been running, and knew she was behind her time, no sooner did she see George Armour than, from whatever cause, she took to walking in a very slow and deliberate manner. We have it on the authority of Mr. Milton that when Eve saw Adam she slackened her pace; and we have all, men and women, remnants of the Garden of Eden hanging about us to this day.

"You're late, Jeanie," was the greeting of her lover.

"I came as soon as I could," she replied; and, arm in arm, they turned into the shady path up the water-side.

When Mr. Black came in his wife roused herself; and after ascertaining that there was nothing of much interest taking place in the city, she said: "Miller asked out again to-night—the second time this week. She didn't use to take up with any of the people about. Next time she asks out I will consider it proper to question her."

"Couldn't you guess, Mary, what her errand is?"

"Guess! If she were a light-headed creature, I might guess it was some love affair."

"And not be far wrong. We're all light-headed some time, you know. As I came up I saw her walking with one of the painters who were here in spring—the one that did the ornamental work."

"That was the man I remember remarking for his good looks. Is it possible she can be thinking of marrying?"

"Shouldn't wonder—it's curious what notions people take!"

"Curious! I call it ungrateful. Here did I take her into our nursery, a poor orphan girl, and have kept her for six years. She suits me exactly—speaks well, and has no vulgar tricks or words; and she has taught the children to read almost as well as I could have done myself. They like her, and she likes them. Surely she does not know when she is well off."

"I'm sorry you are losing her: I'll give her a gown, and you can give her some crockery."

"If she *is* going, one thing will be quite enough, Robert."

"Now, Mary, on your own showing, I think we are bound to be a little grateful."

"She has had a very good place of it here, Robert, and there is no need for overdoing a thing. I wish I knew where to get one in her stead. It really is provoking!"

Nevertheless, be it recorded, Jeanie got her gown and her cups and saucers, and something more, when she left Clydeview Villa to become George Armour's wife, and was much and justly regretted by all the household.

It was a fair sight to see this young couple. Not that Jeanie had much to boast of in the way of good looks; on the contrary, George's choice had been matter of surprise to their joint feminine acquaintance. What did he see about her? What he saw, we can't say; but what was to be seen was an open, honest face, expressive of good sense and feeling, and a general air of determination. As for George, no one needed to glance twice at him without being struck by his really handsome face and form: so far as those were concerned, all the blood of all the Howards might have coursed in his veins. When we throw into the scale the fact that he was sober and industrious, and a capital workman—not to mention that he had saved money—the general remarks on Jeanie's wonderful good-fortune are accounted for. In a small house, furnished with things new and neat, and having a morsel of garden in front like a dainty apron tied on, there they were, these two, with youth and health, and the probability of a long and happy life before them.

It is an old saying—very old, probably, and true to the letter—that it is not all gold that glitters. Jeanie had not been very long married when she began to say to herself: "I am happy—very happy; I have every thing to make me so." Now it is to be observed that when people keep assuring themselves that they are happy, and further, when they repeat the statement to others—which, however, Jeanie did not do—there is reason to suspect some flaw, something wanting. A man in the pure air does not say: "I breathe, I breathe exceedingly well; I have oxygen and nitrogen, and carbonic acid—what more can I want?" He goes about with his lungs inflated, and his blood purified and enriched, and his spirit buoyant; he does not need to tell that he has pure air—the thing is evident. What was it? Nothing very tangible, nothing that the young wife acknowledged to herself. But "over all there hung the shadow of a fear." A little boy came: his father took to the child, and the shadow waned for a time. In the fullness of her heart, the mother decked her baby daintily. For the first time, George charged his wife with extravagance. Her face grew white as she answered: "They cost me nothing. Mrs.

Black gave me the things, and I altered them to fit Georgy."

"That may be, but mind I'm no the man to keep up the like o' that."

If there was a thrifty, economical housewife in the country it was Jeanie Armour; but she could not be thrifty enough for her husband's taste. It was an unnatural thing in one so young, this overweening propensity to save. It struck a chill to the very heart of his wife, although she tried to persuade herself that it was far better than if he had gone to an opposite extreme.

She reasoned with him; but George was one of those persons—Heaven help those who have to deal with such!—upon whom reasoning has just as much effect as if addressed to the wind. She tried joking on the subject, and here he was more vulnerable, and consequently received it in a way that effectually prevented its repetition. She often wondered what he did with the money saved, but was afraid to ask.

Thus you see poor Jeanie, while still believed to be a most fortunate woman, and putting a brave face on things externally, found that she was indeed unequally yoked. Perhaps George found this, too, for he began to stay out at nights with society more congenial to him, and came in generally flushed with drinking. His wife took no further notice of this than to attempt, in a quiet, gentle way, to induce him to stay at home. Neighbors began to speak; some of them told her where George spent his nights, and, as she said afterward to a friend: "I had tried the fair way wi' him, and I thought o' trying the flyting; but thankfu' was I that I hadna, for I had naething to reproach mysel' wi' after."

It was one morning, when her second child, a girl, was about six months old, that George went out as usual to his work; no look or action, not the slightest, denoted that he crossed his threshold with other purpose than going to his ordinary employment. The little boy was playing about the door as he went out, and cried "Father!" after him. If he did hear that cry, he heard as if he heard it not—let us hope it did not reach him. The child went in for comfort to the source where he always found it—his mother; and she soothed him by saying that his father was in too great a hurry to speak to him now, but he would hear all he had to say at dinner-time; then, propping the baby in a chair, and setting the other to amuse her, she went about her usual household work, dropping a word and a smile upon them every few minutes. Punctual to the time, dinner was ready, well cooked and comfortable. A quarter past the hour, and George did not come; half past, and there was no appearance of him. She gave the children their dinner, and waited another half-hour. He must have been detained—such a thing had happened before, and she did not feel surprised or uneasy; so clearing away the things, she sat down to her sewing, with the little ones playing on the floor beside her. It was just the old employment at Clydeview Villa over again; and a stranger coming in would have said what a pretty picture the room presented; but any one who had known Jeanie then, and seen her now, would have observed a change. She was still young, but the roundness of youth had passed from her features, and its light buoyancy from her step. Three years of half-life under a kind of pressure acutely felt, though not just apparent on the surface, had taken effect. She sat thinking, as she worked, how her husband's passion for saving, and his rapidly-developing taste for drinking, would co-exist. What could she do or say? What could be done to break the spell of these terrible vices, before his very being was crusted over against every good influence?

Evening came, and no word of him; night, and still nothing of him. The children were laid to rest, and, poor things! slept wholly unconscious of their father's wickedness or their mother's care. Well it has been said, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The solitary woman sat down behind the little curtain that shaded the window; she would have lifted it, but that she did not wish to attract the attention of passers-by. The window looked out on the high road that passed through the village, and as there were no houses opposite, she could see over the hedge that bounded the small garden into the fields beyond. It was a calm summer night, or rather, it seemed that the day lingered and lingered to meet the morning. With eyes glued to the glass, and ears painfully stretched, she listened to the stillness, which was deep, except when footsteps, echoing on the beaten road, would come on, pass, and die away in the distance. Toward the small hours these ceased entirely, and the silence was unbroken, except now and then when the corncrake sounded its ricket from the opposite fields. Still she watched. The gray dawn of morning came on calmly and holily, filling the mind with awe, like the dim religious light of a vast cathedral, till the sun rose and threw the elements of gladness over the land. Smoke began to curl up from a house here and there, and early workers turned out to begin their daily labors, and still the weary woman sat on, one conjecture after another thronging through her mind, but no guess of the truth for an instant coming across her. Now the faint whimper of the baby drew her from the window, and she soothed it to quietness, and listened again, for momently she expected some one to enter with tidings of calamity. She prepared breakfast for the children, moving as softly as if she had been stealing, for she grudged every sound that interfered with the intense watch she was keeping. By ten o'clock she could stand it no longer. She dressed herself, took the infant, and went to her husband's master to inquire about him. When Mr. Brown heard her question he looked surprised.

"Mrs. Armour," he said, "your husband left my employment yesterday morning; he drew all his money which was in my hands. He is," he continued, in a tone meant to convey some kind of comfort—"he is a saving, industrious man. It amounted to £49 16*s*. 6*d*."

Jeanie, with her habitual prudence, controlled her feelings, and thanking him for his information, went hurriedly home. Could it be that he had deserted her and the children? It looked like it. She formed her resolution. All the money she had was exactly ninepence. She went to a neighbor, and saying that she had to go to Edinburgh, asked her to take care of the little boy till she came back, and at the same time she borrowed a shilling. With 1*s*. 9*d*. in her pocket, and her infant in her arms, she set out in quest of her husband.

Very fast she walked—excitement carried her on; and when she was more than half-way, a coach coming up, she paid 1*s*. 9*d*., and made the rest of her journey on the outside of it.

Arrived in Edinburgh, she went right to the shop of a decent man with whom she was acquainted, and whose kindly nature induced her to go to him in her present strait. She had no relatives in the city—indeed, she had but few any where, so she was constrained to rely on the good offices of an acquaintance.

"Mrs. Armour, how's a' wi' ye; an' how's the gudeman? I'm glad to see ye, woman."

This greeting nearly upset Jeanie, who requested a private word with Mr. Boyd, and in a few sentences explained her errand.

"Ye dinna say sae—the scound— But it's no possible."

"That's what I think, Mr. Boyd, and I am glad to hear you say it; but what can it mean?"

"That's what we maun try an' find out. I'll step away doon to Leith, an' see if there's ony word o' him there. If he's leaving the country, it's as like he wad tak ship there as ony where."

So, leaving his shop in charge of his shopman, he took Mrs. Armour up stairs, and put her under his wife's care, telling her to keep her mind easy till he came back—an advice more easily given than taken in the circumstances; however, it was a relief to have taken a decided step toward solving the mystery; and the kindliness of Mrs. Boyd was very soothing, while she got the rest and refreshment she was so much in need of.

Before Mr. Boyd came back, she was on the watch for him; and catching a glimpse of his face as he crossed the street, she gathered no good news from it. When he entered the room, he looked every where but into Jeanie's face: he was at a loss how to convey the information he had got.

"Now, Mrs. Armour," he began, "keep up your heart; we've a' our trials; an', after a', it's no sae bad as it might hae been. Ye'll do fine your lane; an' ye'll no want freends."

She rose, and grasping his arm, said: "Did you see him? For any sake what is it? Is he dead?"

"No; he sailed this morning for America."

All color went from her face; she pressed the infant closer to her, and murmured: "Left us—left us!" and one or two big tears fell on its face. As for Mr. Boyd, he went down stairs and relieved himself by calling George Armour no end of ill names.

CHAPTER II.

IF things could be seen in their true light, the poor have oftener less reason to envy the rich than is supposed. Next day Mrs. Armour took her way home, comforted by the kindness of her friends, and with money—which she had accepted as a loan—sufficient for her immediate wants.

Mrs. Armour had two second-cousins residing in Glasgow—elderly maiden ladies, differing a good deal in character and disposition, but alike in this, that they had both little independent incomes; both lived in cozy flats; each had a narrow circle of her own, segments of which frequently met at five o'clock teas and nine o'clock suppers.

One of these ladies had loved and lost, which, the poet says, is better than never to have loved at all—the case of the other. The latter had been born, had lived, and was likely to die, in the same house. Twice a week she had read the same newspaper all her life, and always read first that list of events, the middle one of which she herself had missed.

The former had "gone through" a good deal; had struggled with poverty; had, as has been said, loved and lost; and we think it depends upon the way in which such a loss comes about, whether it is better than never to have loved at all. Hers had not been effected by the hand of death, which at once and forever hallows all it touches.

Well, very soon—for bad news travels fast—these ladies heard of Jeanie Armour's calamity, and met to lay their heads together as to what was to be done. Both expressed a high degree of indignation against George Armour. Both said with emphasis that men in general were very far from being what they ought to be. The one said *she* had never seen the man to whom she could intrust herself and her property; the other said, women were so ready to be deceived, poor things (with a sigh), and to believe all the fair speeches made to them. After mature deliberation, they came to the conclusion of offering their young relative £10 a year each—which, in addition to any thing she might do for herself, would, they thought, make her pretty comfortable. And so it would. Very kind of them it was, for they were not quite in a position to make it an act of no self-denial. One of them was appointed a deputation to wait on Mrs. Armour, and explain to her a clause attached to the terms of the donation, which they regarded as of the last importance.

"Jeanie," said she, "we will give you twenty pounds a year if you will promise never to have any thing more to do with George Armour."

At first, Jeanie had almost been driven blind and stupid by her husband's desertion; the very midsummer green of the trees and grass seemed turned to blackness; but the necessity of getting through her daily work, and of planning for the future, and the consideration of her husband's great cruelty, in leaving them to doubt, and anxiety, and destitution, without a word or a sign, brought about so strong a reaction, that sometimes she thought that such a man was not worth grieving after. In this mood of mingled pride and indignation she readily gave the promise which the ladies required; and Miss Elder went home to rejoice Miss Bogle with the account that their cousin's eyes were opened to see things in a right way. But for all this, Jeanie could not unsex herself, and the original tenderness often returned and overflowed in tears.

The story let loose in the village, flashed through its houses and shops, its smithy and post-office—nay, even its manse and its hall, in a way that might have made the electric telegraph, had it then been in existence, blush for its deliberation.

The amount of pity that was expressed for Mrs. Armour was great, but it fructified in a way which showed that the blossom must have encountered frost in the setting. In a day or two people had ceased even to speak about it; and Mrs. Armour went quietly away to a moorland village some twenty miles off, and inquired as to the probability there was of collecting a little school. There seemed to be an opening there; before she left, she took a very small house which chanced to be empty; and in the course of a month she had her furniture removed and herself established as a village-schoolmistress.

The "branches" which Mrs. Armour undertook to teach—and which she was quite capable of teaching—were reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing. Her school was well attended; children liked to go; she had a "way" with them. Indeed, every one had a kindliness for her but the parish schoolmaster, who rather thought that she poached on his manors. If she had only been a widow, he considered, he could and would have quashed the opposition effectually; as it was, he could only look glum, and he did it.

As by perpetual attrition water wears the rock, and as the grand fantastic splendors of the stalactite cave are reared by the residuum of the dropping water, so time obliterates the memory of a grief, or, at least, wears the edges away, and sends its daily round of cares, greater or less, to build new hopes, new interests, new memories; and many a scathed and crushed creature has thanked the God of Providence that it is so.

Mrs. Armour went on her way quietly, and, in process of time, cheerfully. Her children were well and happy; and her little school, and little annuity answered remarkably well: but never a word of her husband, direct or indirect, did she hear. At nights she would lie awake, pondering over what he could be doing, or where he could be. Sometimes she would think of him as comfortable and doing well, but wholly forgetful of her and his children; sometimes as destitute and an outcast; and during sleep, when imagination escapes from control, she followed him in dreams to the ends of the earth. In the broad light of day, a form in the distance having any resemblance to his would cause her to start and tremble. She often feared she might discover him in a beggar at her door, for she had heard and read of such painful recognitions. But the years passed on, and no clew came to her hands to afford any enlightenment on the subject, until the seventh year of his absence came round.

The principal draper in the village had a brother, who had set out in early life, like many of his countrymen, to push his fortune, and found, like some others, that fortune rather pushed him. He had journeyed from continent to continent, and wandered in many lands, only to come back to his native place not much richer than when he set out. He heard Mrs. Armour's history, and suddenly it flashed on him that, during his travels in America, he had met a man answering to the description, and bearing the name of George Armour. They had traveled the same route for two days, and were crossing a river on the third, when suddenly the ferry-boat capsized. They were all thrown into the water; two men drowned, the rest saved: the man bearing the name of George Armour was one of the two that perished.

When the report reached Jeanie's ears she immediately sought an interview with the individual who brought it, and whose wandering instincts were just about to lead him to set off again.

He did his best to satisfy her anxious inquiries, but, as he had not taken more than a general interest in the drowned men, he could not give so many particulars as she could have wished; but she left him, convinced that, without doubt, it was her husband whose life had been thus brought to a sudden end. She put on a widow's dress, and mourned in her heart as sincerely and more acutely than if he had been all he ought to have been. Her health failed somewhat under the shock of the intelligence, but a little change and relaxation soon restored her.

Miss Elder and Miss Bogle, though, as Christian women, sorry for the death of a bad man, felt a degree of satisfaction in the certainty that now he would not come back, as they always expected he would, to be a burden to his wife.

It was the best thing George Armour had ever done for her—if he could be said to have done it—this making her his widow. It secured her position; it improved her standing in the public eye; and it set her mind at rest. Any one who has ever been long tossed between hope and fear, knows that certainty even of the worst is greatly preferable to suspense. Widowhood is a legitimate channel, into which sympathy can flow without meeting an obstacle; but the neglected or deserted wife occupies very different ground, both in her own eyes and those of others.

OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT, *November*, 1858.

VENTNOR has been lately very much frequented by our people—a collection of some of the most charming of those now in Europe, as you will believe when I tell you that among them was the warm-hearted wife and the daughters of our Minister to Paris, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Kennedy, formerly the Secretary of the Navy. I may not name more private individuals; but there were N——d's, and J——e's, and R——l's, to complete the society by the attractions of hospitality and refined social intercourse. These had the best houses in the place, and seemed to enjoy thoroughly bathing, riding, and driving all the day, and meeting in each other's salons in the evening for music, dancing, and tea. To be an American was an introduction to this pleasant party—and did I not enjoy being with them? None but a habitual exile can understand what the enjoyment is of only hearing familiar names and expressions; of meeting some who have perhaps valued your *fathers*, or who know others of your race—the ever-loved though absent. I own, too, I was not indifferent to other pleasures which my intercourse with these procured to me. I acknowledge to a longing "for the flesh-pots of Egypt," even amidst the refinements of Parisian cookery; and I must say the deviled crabs and spicy chowders of this summer at Ventnor will long live in my recollection, to say nothing of seeing *two* fat fowls or ducks lying side by side in the dish—an *American* extravagance unknown in these lands, but pleasant, nevertheless, to those who have keen appetites and love good cheer.

Ryde and Cowes are without doubt the most aristocratic of English watering-places. The latter has the pre-eminence for a few weeks of the yachting season; but here the gayety continues longer, and is kept up by the circumstance of many of the "privileged class" having beautiful villas and cottage ornées, in which they receive visitors and give fêtes. A few days since I was on the pier, which is here the fashionable resort, when I observed Sir A——s C——d looking, with evident curiosity, at the approaching boat from Portsmouth, and then scanning its passengers with an air of eagerness and then disappointment. I then saw approaching the special steamer of the Admiral in command at Portsmouth, Sir George Seymour. A rumor went round that some great personage was on board; and soon it was said, "It is Lord Palmerston," which proved true. I rushed with others to see him disembark, and rejoiced to see how vigorous is still his frame and how erect his gait. He had come with Lady P——e to spend two days with his dear friend and old college chum, Sir A. C——d. I have such an admiration of the man that it was a pleasure to me to follow him closely in his walk up the long pier, and to examine anew the handsome face, with its lofty brow, keen eyes, and sarcastic but pleasant mouth. I had seen him in other days; but as we can, none of us, live forever, I felt I might never have such another opportunity of looking at the Lion of England, the brave old sagacious defender of its prowess and its rights. One of the evenings of his stay here was given to a soirée by which the graceful hospitality of his host gratified the dwellers and sojourners in Ryde, but which I missed by being on a visit in the neighborhood. This visit was not without its fruit in materials for this letter, since, on Sunday, in the Roman Catholic chapel, at Cowes, I had an opportunity of hearing the great Cardinal Wiseman preach. The party I went with were Catholics, zealous with the peculiar emphasis of *converts*, and I was placed just in front of the altar (from which a Cardinal always preaches). He came in that costume so well chosen for effect, and with which pictures will have made you familiar, the red skull-cap, red cape and gown, jeweled ring, and red stockings. He began at once his sermon, taking his text from the Epistle to the Ephesians, v., 15, 16: "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." It lasted more than an hour, and was delivered with a warmth of manner not without its charm. But I sought in vain for any thing like logical deduction or even valuable inference. It was a pomp of words, vague and unsatisfactory, with, at times, some graceful imagery, but nothing for the mind to carry away or retain. The Cardinal is accused of being addicted to the pleasures of the table; but that large, massive frame must require a considerable supply of food. The brow is intellectual; but there is a coarseness in the expression of the mouth and the lower part of the face which takes away the effect of this, and renders the countenance altogether unpleasing. I was at Rome, eight years ago, when he received the Cardinal's hat, and was invited by him, through his secretary, to the two soirées which it is customary to give on these occasions—one a day or two before, the other the day after his investment. The beautiful and lamented Princess Doria presided upon both of these occasions—the first evening adorned with all the ancestral diamonds; the second, all the pearls of the princely Dorias, but which her virtues and graces outshone by far. I remember, on the first of these occasions, being told, before any other person, by the Cardinal's secretary, that the Pope had the intention of naming him "Archbishop of Westminster." I mentioned this to ——, who, as a Protestant Englishman, turned pale with emotion at what he considered this insolent assumption and assertion. Mr. Hallam, the historian, was present, and —— went up to him to confer with him on the subject. Mr. H. pronounced it "impossible;" but it was true, nevertheless, and almost the next day was made known that act of the Pope which lighted such a flame of sectarian zeal in Protestant England, and which even the Catholics admit threw their Church and its advances back thirty years. The Pope was deceived by the representations of the proud prelate, who was directly gratified by the event. Do not think it is only as a pendant to my picture of the Cardinal that I relate to you that we have had on the island Mr. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher. I did not see or hear him; but a gentleman who did both described him to me as a greasy-looking little man, with lank hair and fat fingers; intensely vulgar, but eloquent and powerful, with all that influence over his hearers which is derived from earnest convictions on the part of both minister and congregation. Perhaps my letter is already too long. The next will probably reach you from Paris.

E——.

A STORY OF FAUNTLEROY THE FORGER.

WHAT I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened when I was a very young man, and when I was just setting up in business on my own account. My father had been well acquainted for many years with Mr. Fauntleroy, of the famous London banking firm of Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, & Graham. Thinking it might be of some future service to me to make my position known to a great man in the commercial world, my father mentioned to his highly-respected friend that I was about to start in business for myself, in a very small way, and with very little money. Mr. Fauntleroy received the intimation with a kind appearance of interest; and said that he would have his eye on me. I expected from this that he would wait to see if I could keep on my legs at starting; and that, if he found I succeeded pretty well, he would then help me forward if it lay in his power. As events turned out, he proved to be a far better friend than that; and he soon showed me that I had very much underrated the hearty and generous interest which he had felt in my welfare from the first.

While I was still fighting with the first difficulties of setting up my office, and recommending myself to my connection, and so forth, I got a message from Mr. Fauntleroy, telling me to call on him, at the banking-house, the first time I was passing that way. As you may easily imagine, I contrived to be passing that way on a particularly early occasion; and on presenting myself at the bank, I was shown at once into Mr. Fauntleroy's private room.

He was as pleasant a man to speak to as ever I met with—bright and gay and companionable in his manner—with a sort of easy, hearty, jovial bluntness about him that attracted every body. The clerks all liked him—and that is something to say of a partner in a banking-house, I can tell you!

"Well, young Trowbridge," says he, giving his papers on the table a brisk push away from him, "so you are going to set up in business for yourself, are you? I have a great regard for your father, and a great wish to see you succeed. Have you started yet? No? Just on the point of beginning—eh? Very good. You will have your difficulties, my friend—and I mean to smooth one of them away for you at the outset. A word of advice for your private ear.—Bank with us."

"You are very kind, Sir," I answered, "and I should ask nothing better than to profit by your suggestion—if I could. But my expenses are heavy at starting, and when they are all paid I am afraid I shall have very little left to put by for the first year. I doubt if I shall be able to muster much more than three hundred pounds of surplus cash in the world, after paying what I must pay, before I set up my office. And I should be ashamed to trouble your house, Sir, to open an account for such a trifle as that."

"Stuff and nonsense!" says Mr. Fauntleroy. "Are *you* a banker? What business have you to offer an opinion on the matter? Do as I tell you—leave it to me—bank with us—and draw for what you like. Stop! I haven't done yet. When you open the account speak to the head cashier. Perhaps you may find he has got something to tell you. There! there! go away—don't interrupt me—good-by—God bless you!"

That was his way—Ah, poor fellow! that was his way!

I went to the head cashier the next morning, when I opened my little modicum of an account. He had received orders to pay my drafts without reference to my balance. My checks, when I had overdrawn, were to be privately shown to Mr. Fauntleroy. Do many young men who start in business find their prosperous superiors ready to help them in that way?

Well, I got on—got on very fairly and steadily; being careful not to venture out of my depth, and not to forget that small beginnings may lead in time to great ends. A prospect of one of those great ends—great, I mean, to such a small trader as I was at that period—showed itself to me, when I had been some little time in business. In plain terms, I had a chance of joining in a first-rate transaction, which would give me profit and position and every thing I wanted, provided I could qualify myself for engaging in it by getting good security beforehand for a very large amount.

In this emergency I thought of my kind friend, Mr. Fauntleroy, and went to the bank, and saw him once more in his private room.

There he was at the same table, with the same heaps of papers about him, and the same hearty, easy way of speaking his mind to you at once, in the fewest possible words. I explained the business I came upon, with some little hesitation and nervousness; for I was afraid he might think that I was taking an unfair advantage of his former kindness to me. When I had done, he just nodded his head, snatched up a blank sheet of paper, scribbled a few lines on it, in his rapid way, handed the writing to me, and pushed me out of the room by the two shoulders before I could say a single word. I looked at the paper in the outer office. It was my security from that great banking-house for the whole amount, and for more, if more was wanted.

I could not express my gratitude then; and I don't know that I can describe it now. I can only say that it has outlived the crime, the disgrace, and the awful death on the scaffold. I am grieved to speak of that death at all. But I have no other alternative. The course of my story must now lead me straight on to the later time, and to the terrible discovery which exposed my benefactor and my friend to all England as the forger Fauntleroy.

I must ask you to suppose a lapse of some time after the occurrence of the events that I have just been relating. During this interval—thanks to the kind assistance I had received at the outset—my position as a man of business had greatly improved. Imagine me now, if you please, on the high road to prosperity, with good large offices and a respectable staff of clerks; and picture me to yourselves sitting alone in my private room, between four and five o'clock, on a certain Saturday afternoon.

All my letters had been written, all the people who had appointments with me had been received—I was looking carelessly over the newspaper, and thinking about going home, when one of my clerks came in, and said that a stranger wished to see me immediately on very important business.

"Did he mention his name?" I inquired.

"No, Sir."

"Did you not ask him for it?"

"Yes, Sir. And he said you would be none the wiser if he told me what it was."

"Does he look like a begging-letter writer?"

"He looks a little shabby, Sir; but he doesn't talk at all like a begging-letter writer. He spoke sharp and decided, Sir—and said that it was in your interests that he came, and that you would deeply regret it afterward if you refused to see him."

"He said that, did he? Show him in at once, then."

He was shown in immediately. A middling-sized man, with a sharp, unwholesome-looking face, and with a flippant, reckless manner; dressed in a style of shabby smartness; eying me with a bold look; and not so overburdened with politeness as to trouble himself about taking off his hat when he came in. I had never seen him before in my life; and I could not form the slightest conjecture from his appearance to guide me toward guessing his position in the world. He was not a gentleman, evidently; but as to fixing his whereabouts in the infinite downward gradations of vagabond existence in London, that was a mystery which I was totally incompetent to solve.

"Is your name Trowbridge?" he began.

"Yes," I answered, dryly enough.

"Do you bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, & Graham?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Answer my question, and you will know!"

"Very well, I *do* bank with Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, & Graham—and what then?"

"Draw out every farthing of balance you have got before the bank closes at five to-day."

I stared at him in speechless amazement. The words, for the instant, absolutely petrified me.

"Stare as much as you like," he proceeded, coolly; "I mean what I say. Look at your clock there. In twenty minutes it will strike five, and the bank will be shut. Draw out every farthing, I tell you, again; and look sharp about it."

"Draw out my money!" I exclaimed, partially recovering myself. "Are you in your right senses? Do you know that the firm I bank with represents one of the first houses in the world? What do you mean—you, who are a total stranger to me—by taking this extraordinary interest in my affairs? If you want me to act on your advice, why don't you explain yourself?"

"I have explained myself. Act on my advice, or not, just as you like. It don't matter to me. I have done what I promised; and there's an end of it."

He turned to the door. The minute-hand of the clock was getting on from the twenty minutes to the quarter.

"Done what you promised?" I repeated, getting up to stop him.

"Yes," he said, with his hand on the lock. "I have given my message. Whatever happens, remember that. Good-afternoon."

He was gone before I could speak again. I tried to call after him, but my lips had suddenly got dry, and the words seemed to stick on them. I could not imagine why, but there was something in the man's last words which had more than half frightened me.

I looked at the clock. The minute-hand was on the quarter. My office was just far enough from the bank to make it necessary for me to decide on the instant. If I had had time to think I am perfectly certain that I should not have profited by the extraordinary warning that had just been addressed to me. The suspicious appearance and manners of the stranger—the outrageous improbability of the inference against the credit of the bank toward which his words pointed—the chance that some underhand attempt was being made by some enemy of mine to frighten me into imbroiling myself with one of my best friends, through showing an ignorant distrust of the firm with which he was associated as partner—all these considerations would unquestionably have occurred to me if I could have found time for reflection; and as a necessary consequence, not one farthing of my balance would have been taken from the keeping of the bank on that memorable day.

As it was I had just time enough to act, and not a spare moment for thinking. Some heavy payments made at the beginning of the week had so far decreased my balance that the sum to my credit in the banking-book barely reached fifteen hundred pounds. I snatched up my check-book, wrote a draft for the whole amount, and ordered one of my clerks to run to the bank and get it cashed before the doors closed. What impulse urged me on, except the blind impulse of hurry and bewilderment, I can't say. I acted mechanically, under the influence of the vague, inexplicable fear which the man's extraordinary parting words had aroused in me, without stopping to analyze my own sensations—almost without knowing what I was about. In three minutes from the time when the stranger had closed my door the clerk had started for the bank; and I was alone again in my room, with my hands as cold as ice and my head all in a whirl.

I did not recover my control over myself until the clerk came back with the notes in his hand. He had just got to the bank in the nick of time. As the cash for my draft was handed to him over the counter the clock struck five, and he heard the order given to close the doors.

When I had counted the bank-notes, and had locked them up in the safe, my better sense seemed to come back to me on a sudden. Never have I reproached myself before or since as I reproached myself at that moment. What sort of return had I made for Mr. Fauntleroy's fatherly kindness to me? I had insulted him by the meanest, the grossest distrust of the honor and the credit of his house—and that on the word of an absolute stranger—of a vagabond, if ever there was one yet! It was madness, downright madness, in any man to have acted as I had done. I could not account for my own inconceivably thoughtless proceeding. I could hardly believe in it myself. I opened the safe and looked at the bank-notes again. I locked it once more, and flung the key down on the table in a fury of vexation against myself. There the money was, upbraiding me with my own inconceivable folly—telling me in the plainest terms that I had risked depriving myself of my best and kindest friend henceforth and forever.

It was necessary to do something at once toward making all the atonement that lay in my power. I felt that as soon as I began to cool down a little. There was but one plain, straightforward way left now out of the scrape in which I had been mad enough to involve myself. I took my hat, and, without stopping an instant to hesitate, hurried off to the bank to make a clean breast of it to Mr. Fauntleroy.

When I knocked at the private door and asked for him I was told that he had not been at the bank for the last two days. One of the other partners was there, however, and was working at that moment in his own room. I sent in my name at once, and asked to see him. He and I were little better than strangers to each other; and the interview was likely to be, on that account, unspeakably embarrassing and humiliating on my side. Still I could not go home. I could not endure the inaction of the next day, the Sunday, without having done my best on the spot to repair the error into which my own folly had led me. Uncomfortable as I felt at the prospect of the approaching interview, I should have been far more uneasy in my mind if the partner had declined to see me.

To my relief, the bank-porter returned with a message requesting me to walk in. What particular form my explanations and apologies took when I tried to offer them is more than I can tell now. I was so confused and distressed that I hardly knew what I was talking about at the time. The one circumstance which I remember clearly is, that I was ashamed to refer to my interview with the strange man; and that I tried to account for my sudden withdrawal of my balance by referring it to some inexplicable panic, caused by mischievous reports which I was unable to trace to their source, and which, for any thing I knew to the contrary, might, after all, have been only started in jest. Greatly to my surprise, the partner did not seem to notice the lamentable lameness of my excuses, and did not additionally confuse me by asking any questions. A weary, absent look, which I had observed on his face when I came in, remained on it while I was speaking. It seemed to be an effort to him even to keep up the appearance of listening to me. And when, at last, I fairly broke down in the middle of a sentence, and gave up the hope of getting any farther, all the answer he gave me was comprised in these few civil, commonplace words:

"Never mind, Mr. Trowbridge; pray don't think of apologizing. We are all liable to make mistakes. Say nothing more about it; and bring the money back on Monday if you still honor us with your confidence."

He looked down at his papers, as if he was anxious to be alone again; and I had no alternative, of course, but to take my leave immediately. I went home, feeling a little easier in my mind now that I had paved the way for making the best practical atonement in my power by bringing my balance back the first thing on Monday morning. Still I passed a weary day on Sunday, reflecting, sadly enough, that I had not yet made my peace with Mr. Fauntleroy. My anxiety to set myself right with my generous friend was so intense that I risked intruding myself on his privacy by calling at his town residence on the Sunday. He was not there; and his servant could tell me nothing of his whereabouts. There was no help for it now but to wait till his week-day duties brought him back to the bank.

I went to business on Monday morning half an hour earlier than usual, so great was my impatience to restore the amount of that unlucky draft to my account as soon as possible after the bank opened. On entering my office I stopped, with a startled feeling, just inside the door. Something serious had happened. The clerks, instead of being at their desks as usual, were all huddled together in a group, talking to each other with blank faces. When they saw me they fell back behind my managing man, who stepped forward with a circular in his hand.

"Have you heard the news, Sir?" he said.

"No. What is it?"

He handed me the circular. My heart gave one violent throb the instant I looked at it. I felt myself turn pale; I felt my knees trembling under me.

Marsh, Stracey, Fauntleroy, & Graham had stopped payment!

"The circular has not been issued more than half an hour," continued my managing clerk. "I have just come from the bank, Sir. The doors are shut—there is no doubt about it. Marsh & Company have stopped this morning."

I hardly heard him; I hardly knew who was talking to me. My strange visitor of the Saturday had taken instant possession of all my thoughts; and his words of warning seemed to be sounding once more in my ears. This man had known the true condition of the bank, when not another soul outside the doors was aware of it! The last draft paid across the counter of that ruined house, when the doors closed on Saturday, was the draft that I had so bitterly reproached myself for drawing; the one balance saved from the wreck was my balance. Where had the stranger got the information that had saved me, and why had he brought it to *my* ears?

I was still groping, like a man in the dark, for an answer to those two questions—I was still bewildered by the unfathomable mystery of doubt into which they had plunged me, when the discovery of the stopping of the bank was followed almost immediately by a second shock, far more dreadful, far heavier to bear, so far as I was concerned, than the first. While I and my clerks were still discussing the failure of the firm, two mercantile men, who were friends of mine, ran into the office, and overwhelmed us with the news that one of the partners had been arrested for forgery. Never shall I forget the terrible Monday morning when those tidings reached me, and when I knew that the partner was Mr. Fauntleroy.

I was true to him—I can honestly say I was true to my belief in my generous friend—when that fearful news reached me. My fellow-merchants had got all the particulars of the arrest. They told me that two of Mr. Fauntleroy's fellow-trustees had come up to London to make arrangements about selling out some stock. On inquiring for Mr. Fauntleroy at the banking-house, they had been informed that he was not there; and, after leaving a message for him, they had gone into the city to make an appointment with their stock-broker for a future day, when their fellow-trustee might be able to attend. The stock-broker volunteered to make certain business inquiries on the spot, with a view to saving as much time as possible, and left them at his office to await his return. He came back, looking very much amazed, with the information that the stock had been sold out, down to the last five hundred pounds. The affair was instantly investigated; the document authorizing the selling out was produced; and the two trustees saw on it, side by side with Mr. Fauntleroy's signature, the forged signature of their own names. This happened on the Friday; and the trustees, without losing a moment, sent the officers of justice in pursuit of Mr. Fauntleroy. He was arrested, brought up before the magistrate, and remanded, on the Saturday. On the Monday I heard from my friends the particulars which I have just narrated.

But the events of that one morning were not destined to end even yet. I had discovered the failure of the bank, and the arrest of Mr. Fauntleroy. I was next to be enlightened, in the strangest and the saddest manner, on the difficult question of his innocence or his guilt. Before my friends had left my office—before I had exhausted the arguments which my gratitude rather than my reason suggested to me, in favor of the unhappy prisoner—a note, marked immediate, was placed in my hands, which silenced me the instant I looked at it. It was written from the prison by Mr. Fauntleroy, and it contained two lines only, entreating me to apply for the necessary order, and to go and see him immediately.

I shall not attempt to describe the flutter of expectation, the strange mixture of dread and hope that agitated me, when I recognized his handwriting, and discovered what it was that he desired me to do. I obtained the order, and went to the prison. The authorities, knowing the dreadful situation in which he stood, were afraid of his attempting to destroy himself, and had set two men to watch him. One came out as they opened his cell-door. The other, who was bound not to leave him, very delicately and considerately affected to be looking out of window the moment I was shown in.

He was sitting on the side of his bed, with his head drooping and his hands hanging listlessly over his knees, when I first caught sight of him. At the sound of my approach he started to his feet, and, without speaking a word, flung both his arms round my neck.

My heart swelled up. "Tell me it's not true, Sir! For God's sake, tell me it's not true!" was all I could say to him.

He never answered—oh, me! he never answered, and he turned away his face.

There was one dreadful moment of silence. He still held his arms round my neck; and on a sudden he put his lips close to my ear. "Did you get your money out?" he whispered. "Were you in time on Saturday afternoon?"

I broke free from him, in the astonishment of hearing those words.

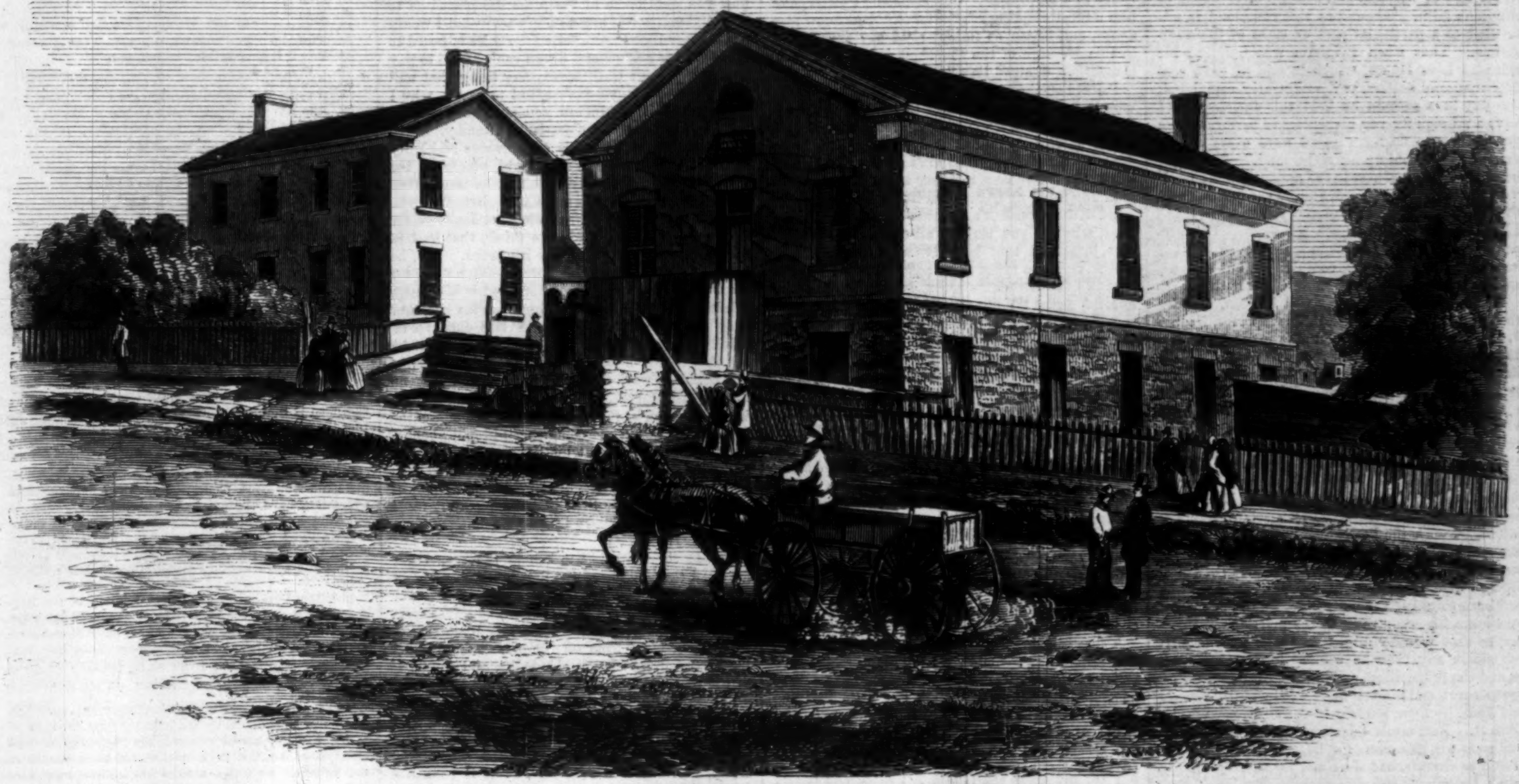
"What!" I cried out loud, forgetting the third person at the window. "That man who brought the message—?"

"Hush!" he said, putting his hand on my lips. "There was no better man to be found after the officers had taken me—I know no more about him than you do—I paid him well, as a chance messenger, and risked his cheating me of his errand."

"*You* sent him, then!"

"I sent him."

My story is over, gentlemen. There is no need for me to tell you that Mr. Fauntleroy was found guilty, and that he died by the hangman's hand. It was in my power to soothe his last moments in this world, by taking on myself the arrangement of some of his private affairs, which, while they remained unsettled, weighed heavily on his mind. They had no connection with the crimes he had committed, so I could do him the last little service he was ever to accept at my hand with a clear conscience. I say nothing in defense of his character, nothing in palliation of the offense for which he suffered. But I can not forget that in the time of his most fearful extremity, when the strong arm of the law had already seized him, he thought of the young man whose humble fortunes he had helped to build; whose heartfelt gratitude he had fairly won; whose simple faith he was resolved never to betray. I leave it to greater intellects than mine to reconcile the anomaly of his reckless falsehood toward others, and his steadfast truth toward me. It is as certain as that we sit here that one of Fauntleroy's last efforts in this world was the effort he made to preserve me from being a loser by the trust that I had placed in him.


SOCIAL HALL.

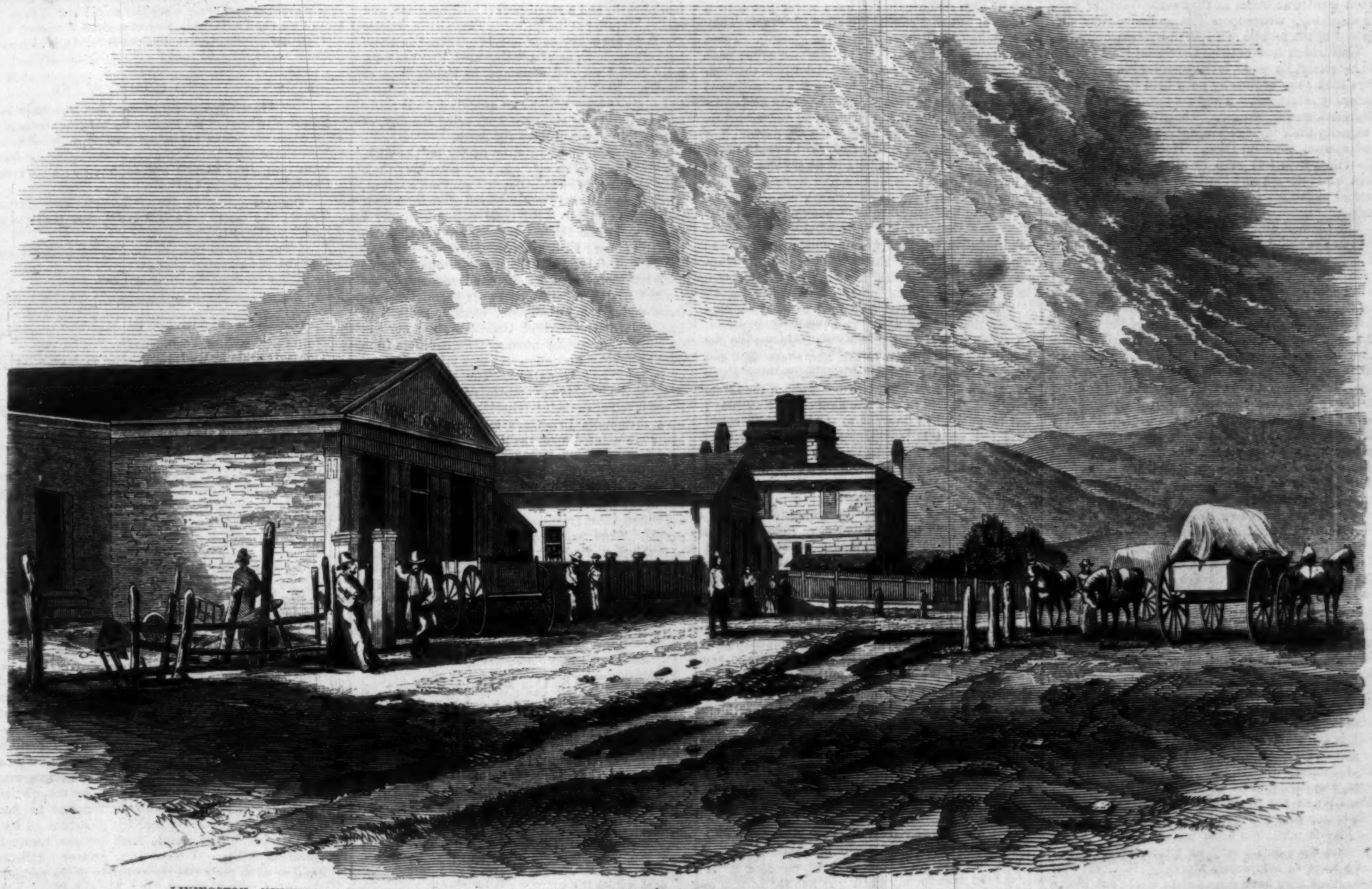
SOCIAL HALL, SALT LAKE CITY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR & MOGO.]

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE MORMONS.

FROM OUR UTAH CORRESPONDENT.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, *Sept.* 11, 1858.

I SEND you herewith representations of the Social Hall, Council House, Candland's Saloon, and the store of Livingston, Kinkead, & Co. The Social Hall is used both as a church and theatre. This need not seem strange when it is remembered how theatrical all Mormon religious services are, from baptism up to the endowment—the most shocking and fiendish of all their institutions. Nothing is more erratic than a Mormon church service. It is the post-office, newspaper, legislature, Bible, almanac, temporal, spiritual, and social director of the people. There is no kind of order as to the programme of performances, reading, singing, praying, preaching, reading letters, or any thing else may come first; in many respects the service resembles a political meeting—the speakers talk to the people, and the people frequently question the speakers. But though there is all this absence of form and seeming freedom of expression, nevertheless the harangues of the preachers amount strictly to this: they declare that faith and obedience are the chief of Christian virtues, that Brigham is a prophet, that they know it of


LIVINGSTON, KINKEAD, & CO.
CANDLAND'S SALOON.
COUNCIL HOUSE.

SCENE IN SALT LAKE CITY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR & MOGO.]

their own absolute and certain knowledge; they testify to the miracles that he has performed, that they have beheld said miracles, and know of a certain truth that he did perform them. Some of the silliest things in the world are narrated as marvelous miracles performed by Brigham. The speakers then labor to make the people believe that their present and prospective prosperity, as well as their eternal felicity, depend entirely and absolutely upon their believing and obeying the prophet Brigham.

Young will then get up, and for a time talk love to his "dear brethern;" then in the name of the Lord of Hosts he will command them to do this or to do that, which they will do, of course, under peril of eternal condemnation. This applies both to matters of business and matters of credence or religious faith. Sometimes this command is addressed to a particular part or class of the audidience. Thus when Brigham was building his splendid Lion House, which is said to have cost fifty thousand dollars, as it was nearly completed, one day in a sermon he held this language: "I have a mission for you carpenters to perform. Are you willing to do it? Now I want every one of you who is to hold up his right hand." The right hand of every carpenter in the audience was raised. "In the name of the Lord, and by the authority of the holy priesthood, I command you to shingle the Lion House!" roared forth Brigham. The carpenters were fairly caught in a net woven by their own right hands. They complained, but obeyed, so Brigham got his house shingled for nothing.

At almost every meeting will be seen, near by the prophet, writing at a desk, the reporter, George J. Ramsby. He is quite an able man; but I can never look at him without remembering this fact: Ramsby wanted to marry his cousin—he took her to the prophet for him to make of the unhappy twain a happy unit. Brigham looked upon the damsel, who stood before him so delicately fair and blushingly modest; his desire went out unto her; whereupon he refused to unite in the holy bonds of matrimony the betrothed lovers, but immediately took the beautiful girl to his own bosom as Mrs. Brigham Young seventeenth. Disconsolate Ramsby submitted with the best grace he could to having his spouse elevated to the bed of a live prophet; but Brigham, after enjoying a honey-moon of a fortnight, called Ramsby to him one day, and said he had been thinking the matter over, and had finally overcome his scruples as to the marriage of cousins, so that Ramsby might now marry his beautiful cousin any time he wanted to. Ramsby accepted the proposition, and of Mrs. Brigham Young seventeenth and himself there was instantly "made one flesh." Poor Ramsby! Mayhap, though, he likes it. Brigham's objections to marrying cousins were all gammon, for he had previously declared in church that the time was shortly coming when his son by one wife could marry his daughter by another wife without giving offense to any one. It is a very common practice here for a man to marry two sisters on the same night.

Brigham, ever since his return from the South to Salt Lake City, has kept secreted in his fortified and guarded house; from his hiding-place he issued an order to have the Gospel locked up for a season, so we have had no preaching since. The only meeting that I know of as being held here took place on a Sunday evening, a few weeks since, in the Social Hall. It continued about half an hour, when word was taken in that some Gentiles were approaching, whereupon the audience was dismissed in the middle of a speech by somebody.

That which most entitles the Social Hall to public notoriety, however, is the peculiar kind of meetings that have ordinarily been held therein every Saturday afternoon. They are meetings of a kind unprecedented in history. The gross and shocking vulgarity there indulged in, entitle them to abiding and eternal condemnation. Heber C. Kimbal—the vilest mouthed man in all Mormondom, the man who rolls sin and loathsome lust like a sweet morsel under his tongue—presides at those meetings.

The Council House is the large square building seen at the right of the next engraving. It is built of stone, and is rather a fine structure. It fronts upon Temple Block, where a million of dollars (in labor and money) have been buried in the sand, for the foundation of the Temple is not yet above the earth. The scene from the top of the Council House is very beautiful. That position gives one a view of the entire city; the valley for a hundred miles north and south; the rough and ragged Wasach Mountains on the east, running along parallel to the valley, their summits crowned with eternal snow; the West Mountains on the west, with ridge rising behind ridge, and peak above peak, and rolling away as far as the eye can see, into the blue ethereal sky. It also commands a prospect of the whole of Great Salt Lake, with the vast islands in it, and the great American desert beyond. That lake is an incomprehensible curiosity. It evidently covered, at one time, the whole valley around for hundreds of miles. It has been, ever since its discovery, and is still, rapidly retiring from the land or drying up, though it has no apparent outlet, and several large rivers of fresh water flow into it. It is certainly a much greater curiosity in nature than Niagara Falls or the Dead Sea: instead of being below the surface of the ocean, like the latter, it is four thousand two hundred feet above it. Three pails of water make one pail of salt. It is the purest and most beautiful salt I ever saw, being white as the driven snow. I have laved in Salt Lake many times. One can not sink in the water by any device, nor is the attempt to do so very pleasant, for the water is so strongly impregnated with salt, that, if it enters the mouth, eyes, or nostrils, it stings and burns like so much fire. When the aquatic luxuriator gets any of this water into his mouth or nose, it is necessary for him to make for fresh water in the quickest possible time or he may be strangled. Persons have been so completely strangled in Great Salt Lake that they have drowned in water not above their arms. Beautiful springs of fresh water border upon the lake, while the adjoining mountains have large quantities of petrefied salt in them. The lake is eighteen miles from Salt Lake City.

There is no spot in Salt Lake Valley where one enjoys a finer prospect, or more commanding view, than from the top of the Council House. The upper story of the building is divided into halls, in which some very noted meetings have been held. It was there the United States Commissioners met the Mormon dignitaries and held counsel with them. Curious scenes were then and there enacted. How the Mormons swore, and foamed, and boasted, and bragged, and blackguarded, has all been made public. One Snow, a man of high estate in the Mormon church, spoke of the President's Message in a way that is not legitimate to be published in a newspaper. Commissioner Powell gave him a most scathing rebuke for it. But Snow rose again, and began as follows: "I say every word in this Message of the President is a lie—a foul, slanderous, damned lie—"

"Hold on there!" roared out Major M'Culloch, who is but little accustomed to talking before assemblies, though, when he does speak, he sends his words as directly and pointedly to the mark as he does his rifle-balls, "that ain't proper talk, and I think you better keep cool any way; for you don't gain any thing by getting excited. You say every word in the President's Message is a lie. Very well, then, why are you making all this fuss about it? But just read that last clause in the Message, which says the army shall come in here; now, if that is a lie, there is no necessity of getting mad or excited about it; but, I tell you, that army shall come in here, and all hell can't stop it!" Snow, in the vulgar phrase of the Missourians, "come the calffy." There was that in Major M'Culloch's words that convinced every Mormon present that the army would go in, and nothing could stop it.

When the army entered the city it passed along the street right in front of the Council House. From early morning till late at night the troops, with colors flying and drums beating, hurried along the streets, followed by their vast trains of the munitions of war. Not a man left his post, not an animal strayed; but, step by step, as regularly as the ticking clock, and steadily as the westward-moving sun, the soldiers passed through the city, crossed the Jordan, and, on its further bank, washed the dust from off their feet, as a testimony against the city. The Mormons were much surprised at the perfect order and discipline of the army.

There is no other building in the Territory which will remain impressed so vividly upon the memory of Gentiles who are, or have been, here this year as Candland's Saloon. It is the little building seen between the Council House, on the right, and the store of Livingston and Kinkead, on the left of the accompanying illustration. For a long time that was the only house in all Salt Lake City where a man who was so wicked as to be a Gentile could obtain a mouthful to eat. Brigham has nearly all the money in the Territory, and he always has his eyes open to every opportunity for making money, even though it be in a small way. So, when the Gentiles began to flock in here this spring, he took this saloon, and put a man in it to feed us at exorbitant prices, at the same time forbidding every one else from giving us food or shelter. That man was one David Candland, a little speck of a fellow, got up in the neatest possible trim, with his eyes eternally twitching, twitching, twitching. And I might here remark that I have never yet seen a Mormon but that something ailed his eyes. They are sunken, or dark, or ghastly, or glaring. There is certainly some mania in all Mormon eyes; none of them can look you straight or steadily in the face. Well, to return to Candland. He is a man of some note among the natives here; he has been a missionary, a preacher, a theatre manager, and a barber. He never told me that he had been a barber; but then that is a self-evident fact, for he could never have obtained his manners any where else than in a barber-shop. Well, our ex-host has seven wives (poor creatures! for he don't seem capacitated to more than half-attend to one), but they have never been seen within half a mile of the saloon while the chivalric Gentiles were around; not even so much as one of their skirts was ever seen. Hapless beings! I guess they have not got many apiece to be seen any where.

Well, Mr. Candland furnished us good country eating three times a day at ever-varying prices. In order to know what price we were paying for board, we would have to ask him every day, and then we would probably miscalculate how much money we were eating at two meals out of the three. The custom was to pay our bills every Saturday; but no one, when he went to settle his bill, could ever tell what it would amount to. Sometimes we were charged a dollar and a half a day, two dollars a day, and three dollars a day, all in the same week. So no one even understood mathematics enough to make out the bill but the very accommodating and very gentlemanly landlord. Besides this, he had a very smiling way of leaving himself indebted to his patrons to the small amount of half a dollar every Saturday, under the plea that "change was so very scarce;" that he "could not make change," etc.; which small debt would be always and persistently forgotten before the ensuing Saturday. But then Candland, it must be remembered, has been the manager of a Mormon theatre in the sacred City of Zion, also an actor; so his little peccadilloes are not to be wondered at; he was merely *playing;* and I am sure we Gentiles received more than the worth of our money in amusement. Our ex-missionary, ex-barber, ex-actor, ex-theatre manager, and now ex-host, used to practice a little on some of his old professions by occasionally sticking up handbills on his premises for us to read. One of these, I remember, read as follows:

> ☞ In consequence of the *UNUSUALLY* high price of all kinds of Provisions, and the COMBINED SCARCITY of the same, I am compelled to raise the price of my board.
>
> DAVID CANDLAND.

Our pious, theatrical host did not inform us how high or how much he had raised the price of our daily subsistence; but he began early in the day to see how much his guests would bear. Putting on his most accommodating barber-smile, he came along to a "knight of the quill," who was corresponding with one of your metropolitan contemporaries, and, taking him by the arm, walked off a short distance, then said:

"I don't know how it is with you gentlemen of the press (I would not give any offense, you know)—I don't know how it is with you about financial matters (I don't want to give any offense, and I hope you won't take it as such)—I merely wish to say (without giving any offense) that I don't know how you gentlemen of the press are placed as to financial matters (I mean no offense)—but I would add further that I have raised the price of board to three dollars a day; and if you can't afford to pay it (I really don't want to say any thing that will give offense)—if you can't afford to pay it, why I just thought I would tell you now, so you need not be embarrassed or dissatisfied bime-by."

The party to whom this address was so kindly made had been round to several places in the world, and doubtless believed that he was one of the great props of this mundane spheroid; so he flew into a passion at our obeisant landlord for daring to presume, or even to think, that he had not money enough to pay for his board. Yes, he had money enough to pay three dollars a day for his board, and to buy Candland, with his entire saloon. Instead of getting angry on his part our host seemed much pleased with this outburst of spirit from the "gentleman of the press;" for he felt that it was a satisfactory proof that twenty-one dollars a week for board would be stood. So his surprise and disappointment may be imagined, when, at noon, he found that nearly one side of the table had deserted and commenced keeping bachelor's hall. Down went his board to two dollars and a half a day instantly, just as if there had been no "combined scarcity" of "unusually high-priced" provisions. Still many a pleasant meal was eaten at Candland's by many a hungry Gentile.

It was very amusing to behold the scene that followed the ringing of the first bell for breakfast at Candland's. Gentiles, in every kind of dress or undress, could be seen evolving themselves from every imaginable place—from out of carriages, from under trees, from off the piazza, from under the piazza, from off the sidewalks, and from out of the gardens—all making their way out to the gutter to wash. To wash in the gutter? Yes, to wash in the gutter. If you will notice particularly the accompanying illustration, you will observe a stream of water running along the side of the street, in front of the buildings: it is beautiful clear water from the mountains, which has been diverted from its original course and sent tumbling along down either side of all the streets that run north and south. The people obtain all their water out of these gutter-brooks, which are likewise used for irrigating purposes. All the gardens in the city have to be irrigated; for without irrigation they would be nothing but a barren bed of sand. The same is true of all the arable land in the valley.

Well, when the Gentiles have crawled out from their holes, each takes his soap, towel, comb, tooth-brush, and a small pocket looking-glass, and makes his toilet at the gutter. These little articles are most necessary ones to us voyageurs in these barbaric regions; so, after being used, they are carefully rolled up and deposited in saddle-bags or trunks. Each person then straps up his blankets or bedding; after which and breakfast, he is ready to travel sixty or eighty miles during the day, or to live lying around loose out doors.

On the Fourth of July, or rather on the fifth, the Mormons in this city got very patriotic; their band serenaded the Gentiles at Candland's saloon, while their national banner waved aloft from their principal buildings. By their national banner I do not mean the Deseret banner, nor yet their rebellion banner; for it must be remembered that on the 24th of July, 1857, the whole Mormon people declared themselves a nation independent of the United States, rebelled or swore themselves out from under the jurisdiction, control, protection, and government of these United States: nor yet do I mean our national banner; for it differs from ours in having a bee-hive and bees upon it instead of being "star spangled." The Mormons have adopted the bee-hive as emblematical of Utah. It is engraven upon their territorial seal; a model bee-hive surmounts Brigham's mansion-house, while hives are painted upon the tithing-house and other principal buildings in the city. Gentiles would consider the bee-hive particularly inappropriate as an emblem of this Territory, since there is not a bee in all Utah; but the Saints are ever ready to overcome incongruities that would master other people. Thus their prophet, Brigham, has received a revelation direct from God, instructing him where there is a mountain in the Territory full of honey—where millions of bees have been for millions of years (amidst eternal snow) depositing the sweet fruit of their sweaty labor in the exhumed belly of the mountain!

CHESS CHRONICLE.

THE game between New York and Philadelphia, of which we gave the first moves in our last, terminated on Thursday in a draw. The Philadelphians had apparently the best of the game till toward the close, when New York, by a series of skillful moves, was enabled to avert utter defeat. The following is the whole game:

	New York.	*Philadelphia.*
1.	P to Q 4	P to K 3
2.	P to Q B 4	P to Q 4
3.	Q Kt to B 3	Kt to K B 3
4.	K Kt to B 3	P to Q B 4
5.	P to K 3	Kt to Q B 3
6.	P to Q R 3	P to Q Kt 3
7.	Q B P takes P	K Kt takes P
8.	K B to Q Kt 5	Q B to Q 2
9.	Q Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
10.	Castles	P to Q R 3
11.	B takes Kt	B takes B
12.	Kt to K 5	Q to B 2
13.	Q to K Kt 4	Q B to Q 2
14.	Q to K B 3	Q B to K 3
15.	Q to K 2	K B to Q 3
16.	P to K B 4	Q B to K B 4
17.	P to Q Kt 3	B to K 5
18.	B to Q Kt 2	P to K R 4
19.	Kt to K B 3	K to K B
20.	Kt to Kt 5	Q to K 2
21.	Q R to Q	K R to R 3
22.	P takes P	P takes P
23.	Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
24.	Q to Q 3	Q R to Q Kt
25.	Q takes Q	P takes Q
26.	R takes B	R takes R
27.	B to K 5	K to K 2
28.	R to Q Kt	P to K B 3
29.	B takes R (ch)	K takes B
30.	K to B 2	K to B 3
31.	K to K 2	P to Q R 4
32.	K to Q 2	R to Q (ch)
33.	K to K 2	R to Q 6
34.	P to Q R 4	P to K R 5
35.	P to K Kt 4	P takes P (*en passant*)
36.	P takes P	P to K B 4
37.	R to Kt 2	K to Q 4
38.	R to Kt	P to Q B 5
39.	P takes P (ch)	K takes P
40.	R to Kt 7	R to Kt 6
41.	R to B 7 (ch)	K to Kt 5
42.	R takes P	K takes P
43.	P to Kt 4	R to Kt 7 (ch)
44.	K to B	P takes P
45.	R to K 7	R to Q Kt
46.	P to K B 5	R to K B
47.	R takes P (ch)	K to Kt 6
48.	R to B 4	P to R 5
49.	K to Kt 2	P to R 6
50.	P to K 4	P to R 7
51.	R to B	R to Q R
52.	P to K B 6	K to K B 5
53.	R to Q R	K to Q 5
54.	K to Kt 3	K takes P
55.	P to B 7	R to K B
56.	R takes P	R takes P
57.	R to R 4 (ch)	K to K 6

At this stage of the proceedings the New Yorkers telegraphed to inquire if their opponents were not satisfied that the game was drawn? The reply being in the affirmative, the following complimentary messages passed between the combatants:

"PHILADELPHIA.—We consent to a draw, and congratulate the New York committee on the able manner in which they have conducted the game.

"NEW YORK.—New York also congratulates Philadelphia upon the termination of the first game of the match—a termination which is equally honorable to both parties, and which can be a source of no dissatisfaction to either."

The New Yorkers played in the Rotunda of the Merchants' Exchange, the players being protected from the crowd of spectators by a fence of ropes. Chess-boards were placed on tables in various parts of the hall, and the moves were eagerly scanned by enthusiasts. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* thus describes the chess-playing scene there:

"The playing is in a small apartment, a peep into which can be obtained by the initiated; but the door of which is strictly barred, except to the Philadelphia chess champions, the New York umpire, and the secretary of the players. Around a small table in this room four young gentlemen, with fine intellectual heads, sit at a chess-board. The pieces upon the board and the moves are profoundly Greek to us; but we unconsciously find ourselves sympathizing with the players, who, with keen eyes and earnest gestures, are discussing the move which shall next be made, and tracing with their fingers upon the board the probable effect of the next step in the game. After a seeming difference of opinion the conflicting views are reconciled, the four champions agree, the move is made, and in an instant the magic wires are conveying the intelligence not only to New York, where the antagonist knights are manœuvring their chess-men, but all over the country, North, South, and West. New York generally takes her full fifteen minutes before she responds over the wire to the move just made; and in the mean time our Philadelphia players analyze the game, and fortify themselves for contingencies.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov.* 29, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 27, 1858	$758,936....	$1,453,538
Corresponding week, 1857	2,121,551....	2,751,933
Decrease	$1,362,615....	$1,318,395

The export of specie was only $209,717, against which we have received $1,816,532 from California. Money is slightly in demand, though we can not quote any advance in rates. Exchange on Europe is higher, closing, on Saturday, at 109¼ for bankers', and 109 for the best mercantile. Stocks are generally lower, and dull.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Nov.* 29, 1858.

THE movements in the leading kinds of breadstuffs during the week have been limited. The demand has been mainly for home use. The changes in prices were favorable to buyers up to the close, when holders manifested rather more firmness....The probable closing of the canals by ice tends to increase the confidence of sellers....Cotton has been in very active demand, especially during the last three days, and prices have advanced....Provisions have been in good request. Pork closes lower....Groceries, Tobacco, Hay, Leather, Naval Stores, Oils, and Tallow have been moderately dealt in....The principal sales of Hides have been of lots to arrive. Prices are advancing....Some really desirable and scarce styles of Dry Goods have been inquired for freely at buoyant prices. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $344,222 against $556,633 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $54,302,649 against $88,085,031 the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.

Freights continued dull. For Liverpool—Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Cotton, 7-32d. @ ¼d. per pound; Heavy Goods, 12s. 6d. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates.

The Live Stock Markets, last Wednesday, was depressed for Beeves....Milch Cows were dull....Veal Calves were in fair demand....Sheep and Lambs were plenty and heavy....Swine were abundant, and prices favored buyers.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first quality Beeves, per pound	$ 4¼	@	$ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 00	@	7 50
" " per pound	3½	@	5¼
Live Swine, per pound................	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	6	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each..................	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been rather heavy for Vegetables and Fruit. A lively business, however, has been transacted in Poultry. Prices have ruled quite low, the supplies having been far more extensive than the requirements of dealers and purchasers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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